

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

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Fourth National Convention, New Orleans, October 16-20

A PAGE OF PROFIT!

Read It and Reap!

Look What Webb Did!

Read the Announcement This Live Wire Legionnaire Placed in His Town Newspaper

**PUBLIC MAY TAKE
LEGION WEEKLY**

Publication of Former Service Men
Is Now Open for General
Subscribers

Clinton G. Webb, Jr., executive secretary of Binghamton Post, 80, American Legion, is authorized to solicit subscriptions to the American Legion Weekly among persons other than members of the Legion. It was learned today.

Mr. Webb said today that he would begin immediately to solicit subscriptions for the magazine. The magazine has successfully grown until it now ranks among the most popular in the country. By allowing others than Legion members to subscribe to the magazine will greatly increase its circulation it is believed.

A FLYING START

Clinton G. Webb, has made a flying start in the hunt for the "2,000,000 Circulation Bird." We prophesy that he will sell every person who can read in Binghamton a year's subscription to The American Legion Weekly.

A Good Example

Webb's pep and initiative in announcing to his fellow citizens that he is after them to subscribe to the "Weekly" is a fine example of American speed and business methods.

Get Started Today

Follow Webb's good example.—Send in the coupon below. You will receive the authority to secure subscriptions for the Weekly in your town and also complete information regarding the valuable premiums given away for sending in subscriptions.

Be the First in Your Town

The Circulation Bird: The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City. Please tell me how I can enter "The Big Game Hunt," for the "2,000,000 Circulation Bird."

I want to represent The American Legion Weekly in my community and secure the valuable premiums offered.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Post or Unit No.....

If you dislike to mutilate this copy, use a post card

**\$1,385
Given Away**

The Time Limit

has been extended in the
Membership Contest

which The American Legion Weekly
is conducting

Until September 16th

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE to get all those prospective members who have been away on vacations. They are home now. After you have enrolled them in the Legion, you can probably take a vacation and go to New Orleans at our expense. If you have signed up a lot of members, this gives you time to increase your score. If you haven't entered this contest yet, there is still time to carry away some of the money.

The main reason for extending the time limit in this contest is so that **YOUR STATE** can go to the biggest convention yet with **MORE MEMBERS** and more delegates. The number of these delegates is determined on September 16th.

Just to show you what we are going to do, read this list of prizes:

Prizes will be awarded as follows:

To the Legion member getting

The <i>largest</i> number of new members..	\$500
The <i>second</i> largest number of new members.....	250
The <i>third</i> largest number of new members.....	100
The <i>fourth</i> largest number of new members.....	50
The <i>fifth</i> largest number of new members.....	40
The <i>sixth</i> largest number of new members.....	30
The <i>seventh</i> largest number of new members.....	20
The <i>eighth</i> largest number of new members.....	10

To the Auxiliary member getting

The <i>largest</i> number of new Legion members.....	\$200
The <i>second</i> largest number of new Legion members.....	100
The <i>third</i> largest number of new Legion members.....	50
The <i>fourth</i> largest number of new Legion members.....	25
The <i>fifth</i> largest number of new Legion members.....	10

This contest is independent of any contest that your post or your state is conducting. Perhaps you can win a free trip to New Orleans and have this money besides. Keep signing them up.

Read the Rules of the Contest in the
Weekly for August 4

*Your Weekly Has
Fourth Largest
Circulation*

**Let's Make It
the Largest**

HERE'S HOW ~ ~ ~

Tell your newsdealer that if he will carry The American Legion Weekly we will give him an attractive display card and **THE CHEVRON OF SERVICE.**

Tell him that this red service chevron says to over a million men and women in The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary:

**"Here's a Dealer Boosting Your
Magazine, Boost Back!"**

Tell the dealer who wants your business that you want to see that chevron over his counter.

Tell him he gets it if he sells the Weekly.

Do You Want An Income?

We have an attractive plan that will boost your Post treasury by distributing The Weekly to dealers in your community. How many can you supply? Write today to

Director Newsstand Service

The American Legion Weekly
627 West 43rd St. New York

Official publication of
The American Legion
and The American Legion
Auxiliary.

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The American Legion.

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

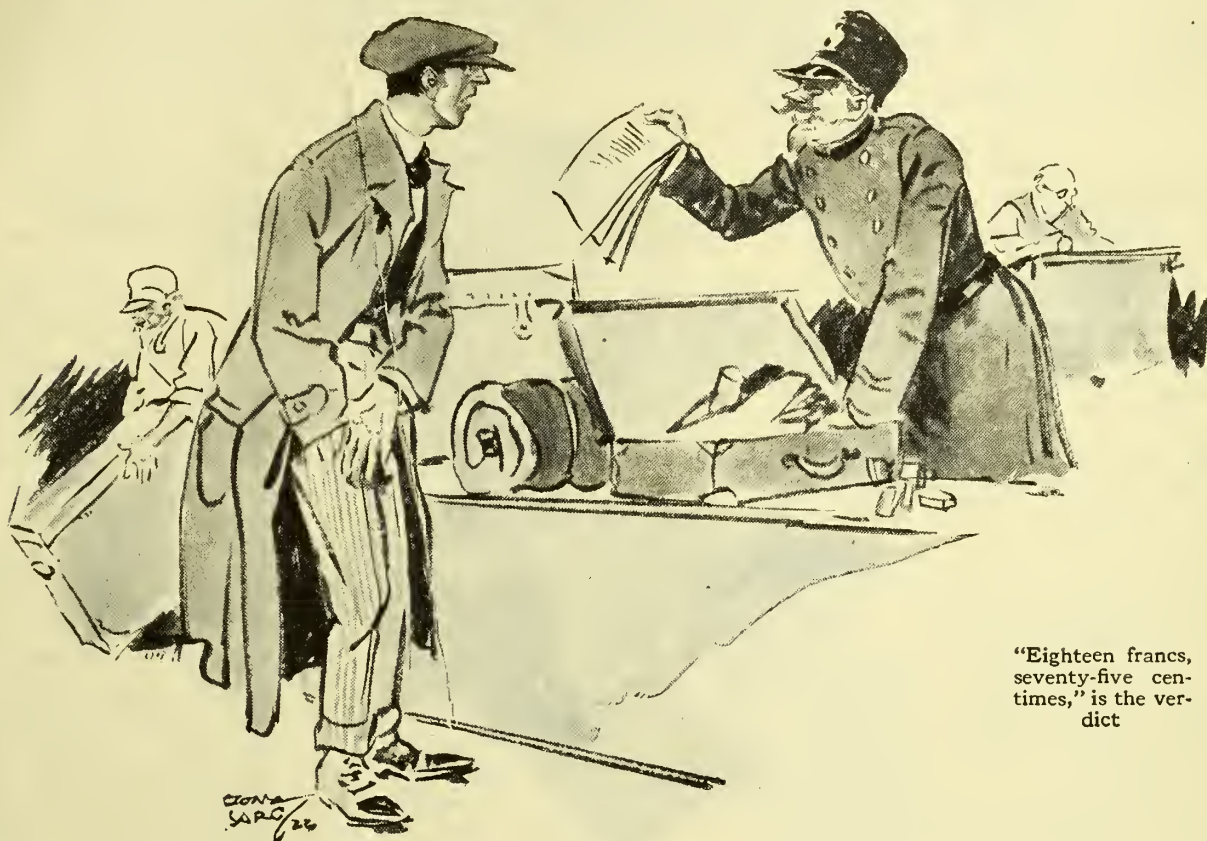
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PAGE 3



"Eighteen francs,
seventy-five centimes," is the verdict

Tobacco with a Struggle

By Alexander Woolcott

IT isn't General Pershing one misses so bitterly in France. It isn't the old rolling kitchens with their Niagaras of oatmeal. It isn't even the R. T. O. who, like the owner of some magic carpet, would, if properly approached, waft a fellow-countryman from one end of the land to the other without much trouble and without any expense to the voyager. What one really misses is the canteen. What one really longs for with a kind of ashamed and belated appreciation is the little counter across which American blessings used to be sold by the Y, the poor old Y, that (frequently) damned Y. Cigarettes, dice and chewing gum—these were the special vices of the A. E. F. It is the cigarette one misses most.

The American sailing for Europe these days has a kind of dim, reminiscent foreboding that the matter of adequate and sufficient tobacco is going to harry his days and nights on foreign soil. Just about the time he is

engaged at the passport office in signing (for the instruction and probable amusement of the Secretary of State) a fish-faced libel of his countenance that is called a photograph, but which would pass anywhere for a comic valentine—just about this time he remembers with a start that he must be sure to lay in a good stock of cigarettes to take abroad with him.

Then it occurs to him hopefully that some of the many friends who have spoken vaguely of sending him some bon voyage gift will surely express their affection (or possibly their gratitude at his leaving the country) in the form of something to smoke. Unfortunately, just when he is missing his farewell glimpse of the Statue of Liberty by going below to see what packages may have been delivered at his stateroom, he finds there a fine assortment of everything else. There are two heavy baskets of fruit, one jar of hard candy, three books (which he had read the month before) and, from three

comedians of his acquaintance, a bowl of goldfish. But no tobacco. Not a sign of a cigarette. He hurries to the bar.

Then, when the white-rimmed shore of France lies so close to the ship that he can see the tiled roofs and the cathedral spires and almost read the Chocolat Menier signs and the announcements of Savon Cadum, he remembers again about the cigarettes. He charges through the smoking saloon, digs up the steward and asks how many cartons are left. Four. He buys them all. The scattered packages of two he can squeeze in here and there among his shoes and underwear. The other two he tucks brazenly under his arm.

Once he is off the tender and a local boy somewhat smaller than his suitcase has managed somehow to grab that suitcase and make off with it into the douanne, he comes face to face with the dread question.

"What have you to declare, Monsieur?"

"Nothing," he replies guiltily.

"No wine?"

Imagine taking wine from New York to France.

"No," he answers confidently, "not a drop."

"No cigarettes?"

Business of starting with surprise and remembering the two cartons under his arm.

"Yes," he says, hastily computing that he has about 390 cigarettes in his possession.

"How many?"

"Exactly two hundred," he answers, with engaging candor.

"You wish to take them in with you?" is the next question.

He is about to reply tartly that after all he had not bought them as a gift for the Mayor of Cherbourg, but thinks better of it and nods his head. Whereupon, the functionaries of the douanne all go into a trance, indulge in five minutes of the most virulent French arithmetic and emerge with a long indictment and four carbon copies, the latter, presumably, to be sent to Poincaré, Foch, Clemenceau and the Prince of Wales respectively. The original is retained and buried with the traveler in case he dies of shock.

"Eighteen francs, 75 centimes," is the verdict. There is no living person who knows exactly how this figure is arrived at. But what does it matter? The American looks gloomily at the stout gentleman from St. Louis waddling triumphantly ahead of him—the far-sighted gentleman from St. Louis he had seen on the boat quietly sewing 110 packages of Chesterfields into the lining of his fur coat. He meditates on the charms of blackmail as a career, decides it's too much trouble and pays the 18.75. At least he has the 390 cigarettes. But once in Paris—what with a lot of cordial expatriates who gather around him on the terrasse and jovially dip into his store when once they see the labels, he does not have them long.

Then begins a painful and not particularly still hunt for the scattered supplies left over by the sale of the Y. M. C. A. and Quartermaster stocks in 1919. Two years ago, in stray tabacs down by the markets and in out of the way cafés beyond the fortifications, there were still some rather dry and dusty stacks of Camels and Fatimas and Lucky Strikes, disdained by the foolish French. They are gone now. Take it on the word of one who scoured forty such places this summer—they are gone. In their place are cheerless piles of paper-packed French cigarettes made by the French government. (There ought to be another revolution.) These profess to have come from Egypt and Turkey and even Virginia. But they all have one common characteristic. They all taste like slow-burning excelsior that has first been soaked in ink.

I had myself reached this desperate stage this summer before June was

half spent. I was actually smoking these local cheroots—inhaling them in gingerly fashion and sourly consulting the newspapers for tables that would announce the next sailings for America. Then suddenly one morning, while I was lingering at breakfast at a boulevard café, a marvelously sweet message was whispered to me. Around the corner, behind a shiny and expensive bar, lurked one named Pierre who would, if sought out and bribed, sell me all the American cigarettes I desired. Where did he get them? Ah, monsieur, it is not definitively known. Also, it is better not to ask. Some, it

This outlander is mad. He can have ten." And the squareheads in the customs-house made off with fifty.

Imagine the melancholy of one thus deprived. Imagine the hoarding of those ten as the car crept across Hanover and moved on toward Prussia. Imagine the settled gloom of the next day's dawn and the sadness of the first morning's stroll along Unter den Linden. Then picture the sudden halt, the riveted gaze. There in the window of a tobacco shop, and beyond in the window of every tobacco shop, and even in the abundant piles on every pushcart pursuing the smoker along the curb—

pile on pile on pile of Camels. It was like a tramp stumbling on a casket of diamonds. How much a package. Eighteen marks? Let's see—that's almost a nickel. What a delightful city—Berlin!

"Ja whol, zehn packages, bitte."

And then, after the first puff—a crash of the illusions, a nose dive of the spirits. They are selling Camels in every town in Germany. But they taste like hair dipped in cold tea. They are "made in Germany." Imitations!

Of course the Camels one buys at the officers' mess in Coblenz—they are real enough. They aren't ersatz. They're Q. M. And at the commissary sales they abound. Of course, if you're a mere civilian—why, you're no better than an enlisted man and the privilege of purchase is not for you. But any officer will appear in the transaction for you. So it was with fourteen packages of Omars that I started back to Paris. At the douanne in Sierck ten of these were discovered. Great excitement. More French arithmetic. This time it was decided that the import duty would amount to 90 francs. Why one should pay 18 francs 75 for the privilege of taking two hundred cigarettes into France by way of Cherbourg and 90 francs for taking one

hundred in by way of Sierck is one of those little mysteries with which French genius throws a glamour around the sordid facts of life. I looked desolate. The masters of the douanne looked sympathetic. I said I wouldn't pay. They said they wouldn't blame me. I finally said I would leave them. At that, a wave of compassion swept the douanne. The chief officer thrust five packages into my pockets, took the remaining five, made a package of them, wrote "Abandonnedane" across the package. I signed my name to this deed of desertion and we parted. I wonder where they are now—if at all.

Chewing gum, on the other hand, is no monopoly of the French government and it fairly pours into France. All those back-smoked French kids who used to trot alongside a marching American column shrilling "ching-gum, ching-gum, ching-gum," are growing up into Wrigley hounds. The immense stores sold when the Army came home were long since consumed.

(Continued on page 30)



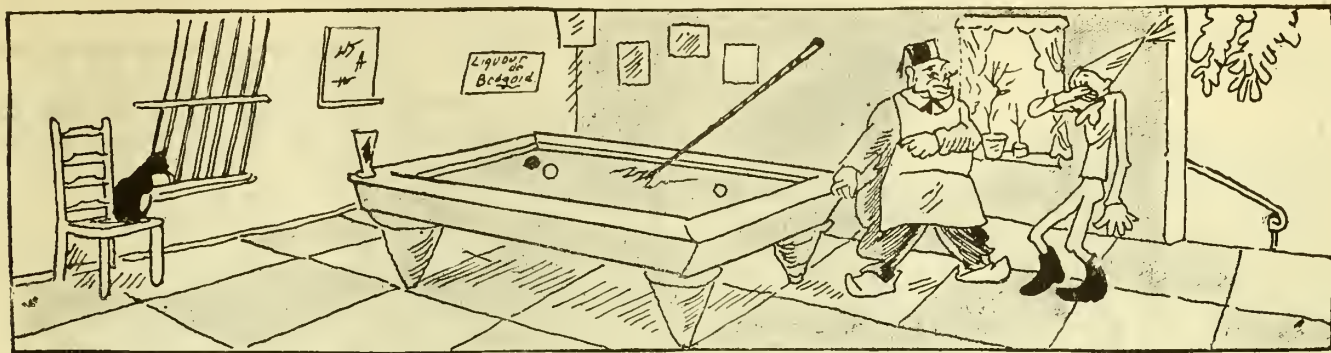
They taste like hair dipped in cold tea

seems, professed to believe he had bought them at the 1919 sales and prudently stored them away against such a time of famine as had finally arrived. Others said he had been seen more than once in street corner conference with American soldiers down on leave from Coblenz. He was, monsieur, what one calls in America a bootlicker. Oh, bootlegger? Ah, c'est ca.

At all events, Pierre, as a special favor to me, sold me three cartons of Camels ten minutes later—charging me 40 francs a carton, 40 francs for the same amount the wicked old Y used to soak us three francs 40 for in Barle-Duc. Pierre now has my watch and a claim against my life insurance. La vie, as they say in France, is incroyablement chère.

Nevertheless, peace reigned until I went to England, when the battle of the cigarettes broke out afresh and reached a critical stage when, with six packages of Camels, I was so foolish as to cross from the friendly soil of Holland into Germany.

"Six packages? Sixty cigarettes?"



From Lustige Blätter, Berlin

As Germany sees reparations.—Michel (the German peasant): "I'll admit I ripped a hole in the cloth, but that isn't any reason to make me pay for your whole house."

What Europe's Veterans Are Thinking

By Stephen Graham

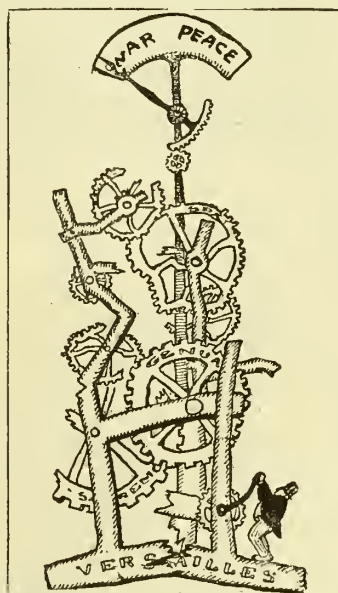
THIS is the second of two articles by Mr. Graham on the ex-service mind of Europe. The first, published in last week's issue, discussed the post-war psychology of the Allied veteran. The present article is concerned with the veteran in the former enemy countries and in Russia.

THE commonest thought in Europe is that "the vanquished must pay." It is a Roman idea rather than a Christian one. It is as old-fashioned as fighting itself. The Frenchman hopes and believes that Germany will still be paying a heavy tribute fifty years hence. The German believes he ought to pay because he lost. He knows he would have made French and British and Americans pay had he won. His concern is to pay as little as he can, dodge paying, cheat, get the better of his foes in the arena of peace. For in peace they remain foes. Peace has not meant friendship.

The best business brains in Europe are those of the Germans, as the best artistic brains are those of the Russians. If the French excel, it is possibly in a historical sense and a fine pitiless practical logic derived from it. If the British excel, it is in adaptability of mind. And of all these types of mentality, it is the business brain that brings most material success and money and ordinary power in the world. The Germans are the most superb potential money-makers in Europe, and they know it. They also know that France is not sentimental over money and feels unrequited.

In no country in Europe, however, is there more difference between the minds of those who fought and of those who did not fight than in Germany. The sense of

guilt is much stronger in the consciousness of the old men. The young and the middle-aged have at least been fired in the crucible of suffering—they have had ordeal by battle. No matter how wrong Germany was, those who were soldiers have expiated something in the terrible war-years. They are happier now and lighter in mind than the rest of the nation. When you meet them



From Noltenkraker, Amsterdam

A neutral view of Europe's tangled clockwork

they are ready to show a surprising camaraderie.

"We had to fight, the same as you. We were ordered to. What would you have done had you been a German subject? Why, fought in the ranks with the rest of us, of course. But instead, you were an American, eh, with a fine German name all the same? Perhaps it was from your rifle I got this shoulder wound."

The German laughs.

"You were in Château-Thierry, eh? Do you remember the jeweler's at the corner of the Rue Alembert. No? In the cellar—Well, I won't say more. I travel in jewelry. You'd have done the same if you had got to Cologne. You would have looted where you could. Didn't you loot French houses when you found them empty? All's fair in war."

"Do you think there'll be another war?"

"Yes, but Germany won't fight it. Germany will wait and see who's going to win, next time."

The Germans would like to see another war break out in the world; an American-Japanese war, for instance, would be extremely popular. It



From Mucha, Warsaw

After Rathenau's assassination.—The German: "Kiss me, Brother Bolshevik. Truly only bombs and grenades count in the civilized world"

HOME CRITICS OF FRANCE'S MILITARY POLICY



"My last is a boy."
"Ah, the pretty little conscript!"



"Very fine, the flags and all. But you've got to do your
eighteen months just the same."

From *Carnet de la Semaine*, Paris

would take the mind of civilized humanity off the Germans and liberate them from a great deal of the implied guilt of having started the great return to barbarism of 1914. As a civilian, moreover, the German ex-soldier retains an enormous belief in himself and his nation. He believes he has a greater knowledge of fighting than anyone else. He believes that his advisory service would be greatly coveted by Americans and Japanese in the case of conflict. He also imagines that he would regain permission to manufacture modern engines of war to sell to them.

Indeed the German is much happier in speculating about the future than he is in the present and its reality. Germany is poor after the war, and everyone has to work hard. To beg is against the law, and yet it becomes increasingly common. The ex-soldier comes up to you to sell you some absurdity like sticking plaster, and his real plea is for money to buy bread. The repair of the wounded was taken to great lengths by the Germans, and there are thousands of too-much-repaired men about. The pension of the cripple or of the retired man is but a mockery. You cannot but feel sorry for the physical wrecks out on the streets, in the factories, at the railway stations and docks, doing often the heaviest of tasks for a living.

In them speaks the German patience. They are drudges and get little out of life, even of tobacco and beer. They take things as they come and expect nothing new. They go down to their graves like dim four-o'clock suns in winter, stooping earthward with no glory of departure.

The most vital sense is in the youngest class, the striplings thrown half-trained into the world's greatest battle, the German victory of the spring of 1918. They saw Germany lose, but they almost saw Germany win. In many of them the lust of fighting was merely awakened, whereas in the older men it was satisfied for a lifetime.

Young Germany naturally believes that the fight will come again and that it will recover all that has been lost. For race-consciousness is tremendous in the Teuton. As German births are more numerous than French ones, so the instinct whispers: *We are living and growing. You are dying and growing less. You cannot stand indefinitely in our way.*

The young spirits whisper and boast among themselves, and yet they do not represent the whole of young Germany. There is also a mass of open-minded business men, men who saw much of the war and loathed it in all its aspects, and they will tell you "patriotism does not pay," "the world is the business man's country," and that "war is just madness." These are the typical traders who before the war swarmed across the face of the globe and were winning world-empire for Germany by what used to be called peaceful penetration. By nature suave, easy going, even humorous in a German style, they are commonly in a state of irritation now, being cooped up and cramped in by all the punitive post-war controls of Germany and German subjects.

Very different is the state of mind of the Austrian. The Austrian soldier has much more the sense of being a retainer. Someone up above is responsible for him and will care for him. Now he is like a house-serf after his master has been slain. It cannot be said that he liked fighting, and he is unqualifiedly glad that the war is over on any terms, and he doesn't want to fight again for anything—nationhood, empire, rights, or ideals. He is flattened out. Not one in twenty cares for the republic; not one in twenty would stir a finger to restore monarchy.

With the destruction of the upper caste, and the fall of the Hapsburgs, the reason for Austria's existing has vanished from his mind. In all the many unofficial plebiscites which have been held in Austria the man who shouldered the gun for her has been found

ready to cast his vote for the abolition of Austria as a political unit. He would gladly unite himself with the beer-drinking, easy-going Catholic Bavarian and live without serious international responsibilities in a big south-German state. The ambitions and the vindictiveness and revengefulness of the northern German are obnoxious to him—as stirring, germinative Protestantism generally is to peace-loving Catholics.

The Austrian has in him the making of another non-progressive conservative state of the Spanish type. But he would not fight for it. The very name Austria, Oester-reich, means nothing. The German heart throbs exultantly to "Deutschland"; the Russians still dream and boast of "Russ"; the Serbs have actually tried to change their country's name to "Great Serbia"—all the nations vaunt their name except the Austrians.

They had, of course, a double name before the war. It was Austro-Hungary more than it was Austria, and the Hungarians and Czechs and Croats provided a good deal of the vital force of the people as a whole. The Hungarians are to-day strongly in contrast with the Austrians. Their military and nationalistic spirit is strong. Preparedness is the note of national life. Hungary intends to win back by force what she has lost in the peace. Her soldiers talk a great deal about it and they despise their neighbors, the nations who have annexed their lands. Roumania they despise most; they hate the Czechs; and they are the "eternal" enemies of the Serbs.

"Our fellows are fox terriers and the nations round about us are rats. You'll see some sport in this part of the world if ever we get loose," said an ex-officer to me as we watched new units going past on the streets of Budapest.

There again, however, it is easy to get a wrong impression. The ex-enemy states, and Hungary is reckoned among

(Continued on page 28)

The Jerry Who Spoiled the War

"Repeat That," He Asked, and a Chess Expert and a Student of Persian Down at American Headquarters Said "Thank You"

By William E. Moore

IT seems a far cry from cause to effect that William Hohenzollern should be chopping wood at Doorn today because a scholarly young lawyer of New York was a devotee of chess, or because an architect in San Francisco whiled away his pre-war leisure hours in the study of Oriental languages and the cuneiform inscriptions on the bricks of Nineveh. Yet a study of the records of the American Expeditionary Forces reveals a connection that is one of the fascinating, though hitherto untold, chapters of the inside history of the downfall of the German Empire.

If the architect had not sharpened his wits wrestling with Hebrew verbs, or the barrister had not learned concentration at the chess table, and some other young men in the United States had not engaged in their play hours in

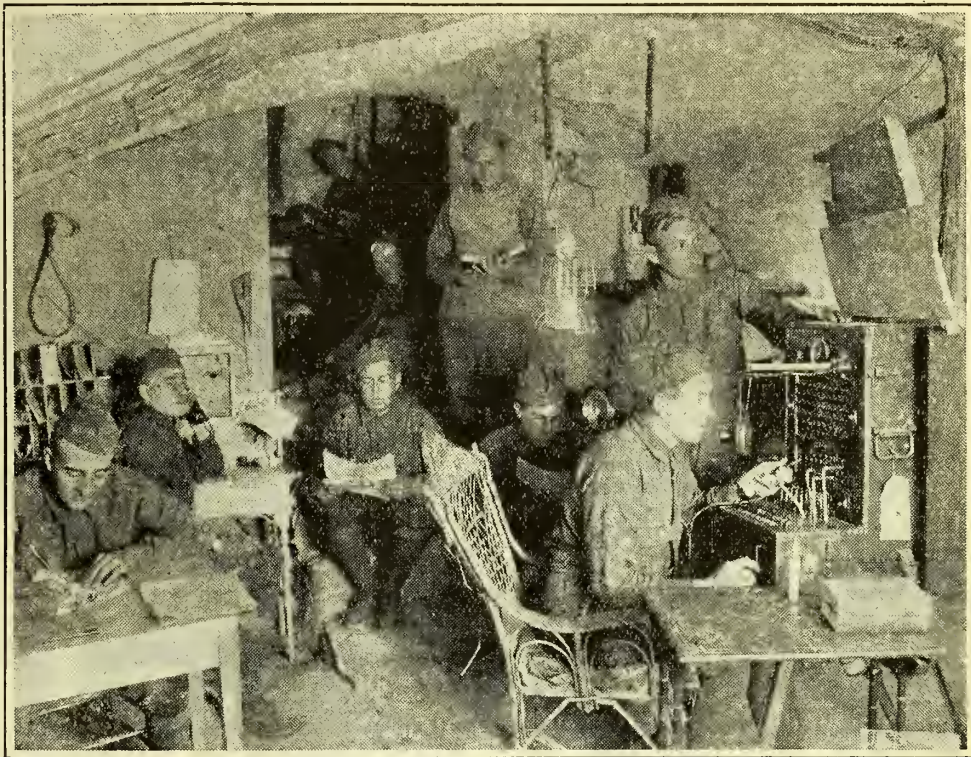
similar pastimes unrelated to the vocations that occupied their working hours, Wilhelm II might still be ruling at Potsdam.

Success in the German advance which begun March 21, 1918, probably would have ended the war in favor of the Kaiser. But the Germans failed. Something went wrong inside that

wonderful military machine. It halted within sight of victory. In a certain though still undetermined degree, this failure may be accredited to the fact that throughout the spring campaign, and for a week prior to its opening shot, all the Allied armies on the Western Front had been reading every trench message that passed over the German wires.

Nations in arms go about the business of making war in ways that would confound and perhaps disgust the Grants and Napoleons and Alexanders. Through all the centuries of warfare that stretch from Ambela to Appomattox the hosts that followed military chieftains were made up of fighting men pure and simple—men able to handle the spear, battleaxe, longbow, or musket, with skill in attack and defense. But with the change in type of warfare from conflict between men-at-arms to conflict between nations in arms there has come a demand for the services of another type of soldier. So we found in the World War scholars and scientists and financiers dragged from their retreats and put into uniform for the purpose of utilizing their knowledge of psychology or science or finance in the struggle for victory.

The Glass House in the barracks grounds at American G. H. Q. at Chaumont housed as interesting a group of the new-style soldiers as was to be found in any of the forces on the Western Front. The Glass House was a mystery place to the several hundred other officers of General Pershing's headquarters staff. It stood by itself in an obscure, out-of-the-way location



U. S. official photo

Signal Corps telephone and telegraph station in a cellar in Château-Thierry. Where are these ex-wire tappers now? An enlarged copy of this photograph will be sent every man shown in this picture who writes to this magazine identifying himself as among those present



U. S. official photo

Four years before the radio craze gripped America, the Signal Corps was receiving and broadcasting as a routine part of the day's work

behind one of the main barracks buildings and near the low-lying sheds that housed the commissary stores. It was a one-story shack of concrete and glass. Out of the beaten track around headquarters, it probably will not be easily recalled by most of the men who were stationed at Chaumont.

At the period of greatest expansion of the A. E. F. this obscure building housed a staff of seventy-two officers and men. They were members of the Code and Cipher Section, Intelligence Division, General Staff, called in army colloquialism G-2-A6. The chief of section was Major Frank Moorman, G. S., a Regular Army officer whose training had been in the Infantry. Practically all the others were temporary officers gathered from all branches of the military service and from the most diverse civil callings. Their job at G. H. Q. was to decipher the German code messages picked up along the front by Signal Corps operators. Strangely enough, scarcely any of these code experts possessed any knowledge of codes before entering the Army. They were selected on the showing entered on their qualification cards.

Major Moorman selected his assistants because of their pursuit in civil life of unusual hobbies. The fundamental requisite, of course, was that all of them must understand the German language. Beyond that they need have little else in common. An infantry officer was chosen because his qualification card showed that, although a lawyer by profession, he had made considerable outside study in archeology. Another man was taken because he was a chess expert. An architect before entering the Army was shown by his card to have devoted years to the self-imposed task of studying Hebrew, Persian and other Oriental languages. All of the G-2-A6 crowd had given proof of studious habits of mind in the pursuit of information that demanded close application and logical methods of thought. Almost without exception the officers so chosen proved able code experts when their talents were turned in that direction.

This hand-picked crowd was confined in the Glass House after one or two indiscretions of conversation had revealed the necessity of preventing the kind of information they handled being made the subject of office gossip about the big headquarters buildings. For the same reason the code experts formed a separate mess of their own and thereafter lived an almost monastic life, associating only infrequently with their brother officers.

Their section operated twenty-four hours a day. The German signal wires hummed day and night with messages along the front. This meant that our own Signal Corps radio operators must sit at their listening-in sets every hour of the twenty-four

writing down the cabalistic communications that passed between the enemy posts. From the front these reports were telegraphed to Chaumont and turned over to the Code and Cipher Section for decoding and translation.

On March 11, 1918, an entirely new code was placed in service by the German army. That was ten days before the great spring drive of March 21st began. The British in a manner still unrevealed, obtained first information of the new code. Notice was sent immediately to both the French and the Americans. The Allies knew that the great drive for victory was preparing, so when they learned of the new code they believed it signified an early advance by the enemy. There was feverish activity all along the Allied fronts to catch the earliest messages in this cipher and solve the momentous secrets it must contain. The best Signal Corps operators in the three armies were assigned to the radio sets in the front lines to listen in on the Germans.

Brigadier General Dennis E. Nolan, Chief Intelligence Officer of the American Expeditionary Forces, has somewhere written that the basis of combat intelligence is the Intelligence personnel with line troops. That opinion never has been more forcefully supported than in the instance involving the introduction of the German code of March 11th. The aim of Intelligence is to describe the enemy's forces, determine the location of his units, discover his intentions and when and where he will carry them out. If you can read

his messages you will approximate that realization. To be able to read them, of course, you must be able to decode them.

First of all, however, these messages must be picked off the enemy's wires. That was the job of the radio operators, sitting about under shell fire and gas, squatting in muddy trenches, concealed but not protected in the water-filled cellars of ruined houses, cold and wet and sometimes hungry, but never for a moment slacking in attention to the sounds that buzzed across the listening-in sets. It was monotonous work. There is never any thrill of accomplishment for the operators of the Signal Corps. They do not understand what they intercept. Lacking knowledge of the enemy cipher, they cannot translate the messages they receive. These come only as letters or figures, or groups of each. The operator's duty is to get them accurately and forward them to headquarters, where the code sharks operate in quiet and safety. But the man at the rear is entirely dependent on the operator in the trench, because a letter lost or misread may be the key to the puzzle.

When the new German code of March 11th was adopted the American Army was holding the old home sector north of Toul. There, along the line of trenches that stretched from Seicheprey to Flirey, our radio men set up their listening-in sets and waited for Fritz to reveal his secrets. And there came to the assistance of the Signal Corps operators a lift from the enemy so unexpected and so amusingly satisfactory that none of the Signal Corps outfits serving there at the time will ever forget the occasion and incident. Discipline was growing lax among the German signallers. There was a great deal of gossip passing over the lines which our men were picking up.

Lieutenant Jaeger of the German 5th Army was sent down to the front facing the Americans to renew and enforce discipline and to regulate codes and ciphers. He was a live wire. He braced things up immediately and put a lot of pep and energy into his outfit. Unfortunately for the Germans, however, but luckily for us, he issued a large number of orders every day. He signed his name to each one, spelling it out: J-e-a-g-e-r. Apparently there was no code for his name. Whenever the Germans changed the code key our Signal Corps operators noticed it at once because they recognized the change in the way Jaeger signed. Every time he signed his name it gave our operators important code groups which aided them to learn others.

When Jaeger disappeared his loss was seriously felt by the Yanks. They had learned a lot from him.

Two days after the new code went into operation (that is, on March 13th), a message relayed from the front line trenches before Toul was (Cont. on page 26)

	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
00	A	B	C	D	E	EN	ER	F	G	H
01	HE	I	IN	IR	J	K	L	M	N	NO
02	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y
03	Z									
04										
05	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
06	ATTACK	REG.	CORPS	COL.	GEN.					
07										
08										
09										
99										

SOLUTION

000 = A

025 = U

084 = RATONS

	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
0	27				11			19	29	
1		32			23	13		00		10
2					46			18	09	
3			12	17		01	21		03	22
4	24	20		05						16
5			25						04	
6		06								
7										

SOLUTION

00 = 27

12 = 32

24 = 46

	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
0	17	35	55	38	58	43	62	53	46	28
1	19	04	32	15	64	67	49	33	26	07
2	41	36	39	14	40	52	44	00	69	08
3			12							
4						24				
5										
6										
7										

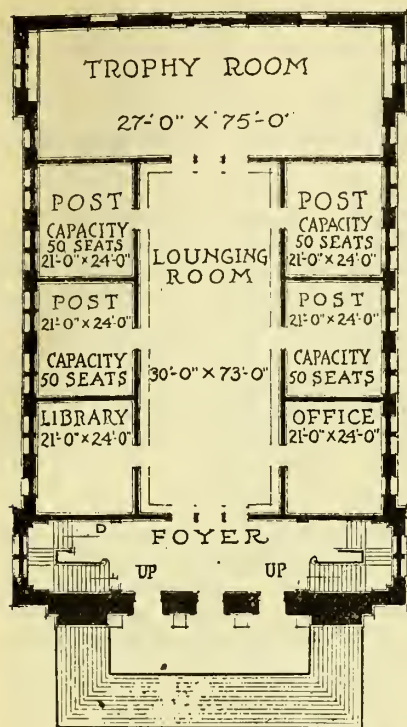
SOLUTION

17 = 00

32 = 12

46 = 24

German code (top, Table A), with enciphering table (B, left) and deciphering table (C, right). The operation of the system is explained in detail in Mr. Moore's article

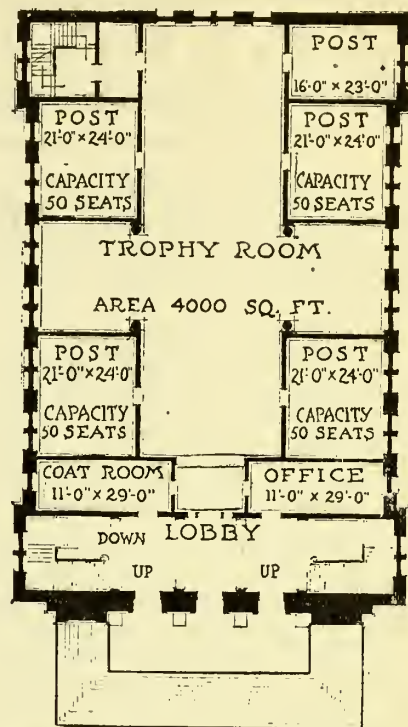


A Legion Clubhouse

How to Build It and How Not to Build It

By William F. Deegan

The accompanying floor plans for a Legion clubhouse were laid out by Mr. Deegan. These plans are intended for the Bronx County clubhouse in New York. Although intended as a guide only in the construction of big city homes for several posts, they can be adapted to smaller communities. On the lower left is the plan for the basement, the two plans at the upper corners are alternative ones for the main floor, the plan on the lower right is for the auditorium. Mr. Deegan's plans combine the meeting place with the community clubhouse to the best advantage

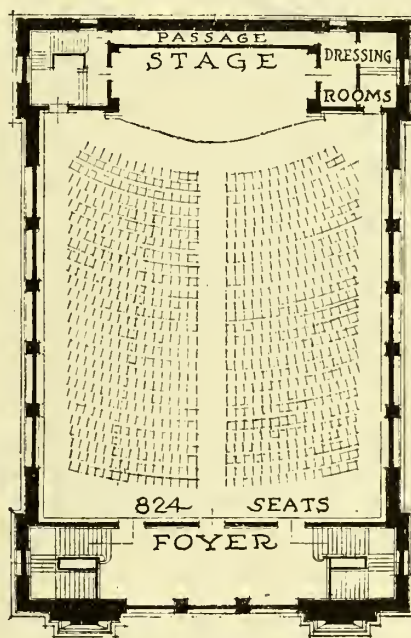
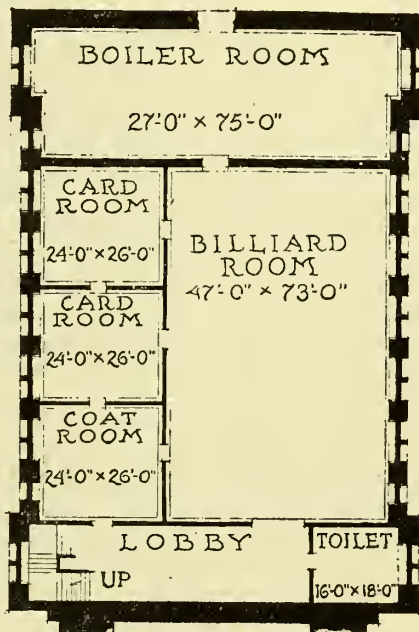


LIKE a rapidly growing youth, whose arms protrude for inches beyond his coat sleeves before his suit has lost its newness, The American Legion is bulging out in many places, stretching the old accommodations beyond proper and decent limits.

Posts were first to feel the severe lack of space due to the influx of new members, and in a number of cases the problem has become one not only of discomfort but of danger. The best there is is none too good for a Legion post and it happens in a large proportion of the cases that the membership is sufficiently large to permit a change for the better at once.

In any consideration of a new clubhouse there are a number of important elements to be considered, such as location, arrangement, appearance, convenience and ultimate cost. And in relation to the last of these there is one menace that should be faced first: Do

not be misled by speculative real estate operators and builders. There are large numbers of these who will be quick to take advantage of you. Suave offers of property for sale at low rates in outlying districts; earnest assurances that the buildings they control can



ings of the nature that would be likely to be offered for your occupancy at low rates would be constructed in a manner to make their use by Legion posts safe. The floors would be weak, threatening a catastrophe if large meetings were held in these buildings. Plumbing facilities would almost invariably be inadequate and indecent for the uses of a large group of men.

A large proportion of such buildings would have to be altered on the outside before they would be fit for Legion uses. With a few exceptions it will be found easier

be easily converted to the uses of the post, and glib glossings over of the fact that the property is under heavy mortgage or must be taken under a long lease are the principal dangers that confront you in dealing with many of these men.

The alteration of any old building for club purposes would be an especially poor practice for the post. Few build-

ings and cheaper in the long run to erect a new building, smaller perhaps than those that might be renovated but properly planned and equipped for a Legion post.

The site of a clubhouse of this kind being perhaps the most important element, we will deal with it first. The most desirable location for a new building of this nature would be on a public square. But public squares are comparatively rare and lots facing on them are likely to prove rather more expensive than a post can afford.

Next in preference to such a site would be one on a corner plot, giving the building prominence and ena-
(Cont. on page 24)

THE author of this article speaks with double authority. He is commander of the Department of New York and also an associate of the architectural firm of Starrett and Van Vleck, which has designed some of the most notable buildings in New York. So he knows not only what the Legion needs in the way of construction, but what the Legion needs to avoid.

EDITORIAL

A Chance—or Permanent Darkness?

It is my candid opinion that today if the unoccupied beds were used discreetly, if they were occupied as they should be by those who could avail themselves of them, there would be no need of more hospital beds to take care of the sick World War veteran, either now or in the future.—Gen. Charles E. Sawyer, in a statement published in the Congressional Record of July 27th.

A COMMITTEE of eight of the country's foremost medical scientists, experts in the care and treatment of insanity, declared emphatically little more than six months ago that 3,800 additional beds must be provided in government hospitals for service men suffering from mental and nervous disorders. The second Langley Bill was passed by Congress for the purpose of providing those beds. The committee of experts, whose recommendations led Congress to appropriate the \$17,000,000 to be expended under that bill, had every facility, every opportunity for determining whether the additional beds would be needed. They studied the same facts, the same conditions which presumably General Sawyer has taken into consideration in arriving at his lone stand for slowing up the hospital construction program authorized by Congress. These mental experts, including heads of some of the largest and most advanced mental hospitals in the country, were appointed to study the problem by the Director of the Veterans Bureau, who accepted their findings. Those findings were indorsed by The American Legion.

In demanding that General Sawyer cease interfering with the mental hospital program, the Legion has not raised primarily the issue of a non-professional organization differing with the judgment of the President's personal physician. The issue is between General Sawyer's judgment and the judgment of a committee of eight eminent mental scientists, acknowledged experts in their profession.

General Sawyer holds the position of Chief Co-ordinator of the Federal Board of Hospitalization, a body that is responsible for cutting the number of beds for neuro-psychiatric patients to be constructed under the second Langley Act from 3,800 to 2,650. General Sawyer, the Chief Co-ordinator, in his utterances and statements, has given unmistakable proof that he is not even in sympathy with the proposal to provide that many new beds for N. P. patients. The quotation at the head of this comment can be interpreted in no other way. Furthermore, in a letter to A. A. Sprague, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, General Sawyer has said of the millions of dollars Congress appropriated under the second Langley Act that he thanked heaven their use was not mandatory. There is little doubt of the General's determination further to slow-up and whittle down the program Congress approved if he can possibly do so.

The American Legion sees clearly its duty to prevent the Government from committing itself to any such purpose. On July 1st there were 4,481 neuro-psychiatric ex-service patients in private contract hospitals and state insane asylums. Many of these men are merely in the borderland of insanity, groping in the twilight of mentality, but capable of being led back to daylight. Outside the hospitals are several thousand other service men of wavering sanity who might be saved if they were placed in proper government hospitals in time, but who are now kept out of sight by their relatives, who will not consent to having them committed to charitable institutions or state hospitals as the farmed-out wards of the Government. Only by a speedy completion of the mental hospital program as originally conceived can these men now in contract hospitals and in their own homes be given that proper chance for recovery which is their due.

The Legion is determined that they shall have that chance, not, as General Sawyer favors, through any makeshift policy of using mythical unoccupied beds discreetly, but by a straightforward policy of making real beds in real government neuro-psychiatric hospitals available to them. Discretion must not supplant justice.

As Iowa Sees It

IT is a tradition in some magazine offices that whatever is printed must appeal directly to some mythical man in Iowa. An editor, reading a short story or an article, is supposed to ask himself, not "What will they think of this in Boston or San Francisco?" but "What will they think of this in Dubuque?"

The Iowa man is selected as an average American. Whatever the reason—it may be purely geographical—the man from Iowa (with due apologies to the State of Indiana and Mr. Tarkington) is the Man from Home. Whether we live in the valley of the Penobscot or the valley of the Columbia, the man from Iowa is the man next door. Better than that, he is the man in our house. He is ourselves. And his opinion of things may be accepted as good average American opinion.

Let's see how the Iowan looks at adjusted compensation.

A month ago this magazine published a list of Iowa endorsements of the Legion's bill. These included: All the farmers' organizations in the State, all the Chambers of Commerce, the Iowa Federation of Labor, the Knights of Columbus, all eleven representatives in Congress, both United States senators, both the senatorial candidates for the November elections, both gubernatorial candidates (including the present governor), and the Iowa Bankers' Association. And last month both the Republican and Democratic state conventions went on record as endorsing Federal and state adjusted compensation—unanimously.

As Iowa thinks, so thinks the nation.

To Go or Not To Go

REALIZING the effect on attendance at the Fourth National Convention of the Legion at New Orleans that any difference in railway fares would make, National Commander MacNider directed that a determined effort be made to get the railways to grant a fare of one cent a mile instead of the one-way rate offered by the passenger traffic associations at the joint conference held in New Orleans in May. This was followed by the appointment of a National Transportation Committee, which now has the matter in hand.

The railways claim, and justly, that it costs more than one cent to carry a passenger a mile, especially in limited capacity Pullman cars. The National Transportation Committee has asked that the question of dollars and cents be disregarded within reasonable lengths in favor of patriotic duty toward the ex-soldier, to whom, as well as to the Legion itself, the yearly reunion means so much.

The matter is now being considered by a group of chief executives who hold the key to the situation. It is to be hoped that they will see the matter as the Legion sees it and grant the rate of one cent a mile, as was done last year. To the railways the difference in money will not be much; to several thousand Legionnaires and their families it will mean the difference between going to New Orleans and staying at home. Is it not worth while from the railways' point of view?

Why Not Double Up?

ALL honor to the unnamed genius who established the now inviolable precedent that Labor Day should always fall on Monday! Pure anniversaries are inflexible. They must follow the specific date, not the day of the week. Washington's Birthday cannot always come, as it did this year, on the fourth Wednesday in February, nor can Armistice Day invariably score a direct hit on Saturday, as it will two months from now—another double holiday there.

The millions of Americans who by force of circumstance must consider themselves rank outsiders whenever capital and labor are mentioned (or as innocent bystanders when capital and labor are locking horns) will always be grateful to labor for the expanded week end. In the best sense of the word, it is good propaganda.

It is so good, in fact, that one is moved to wonder why the opposition has not copied the idea. How about it, Judge Gary, Secretary Mellon, all you railroad presidents and coal operators? How about an annual Capital Day? And it is our humble, not unselfish suggestion that it be scheduled for the first Tuesday in September.

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

The Sawyer Controversy

To the Editor: I have been keeping track of General Sawyer through the Weekly and must say he is creating some row. I am just a puny little civilian once more after being a doughboy in the late war, and only God and the man who was in that war know what the fellows suffered and are still suffering. I am writing this letter just to let out my pent-up feelings, for Sawyer sure is getting me all riled up. I say in my weak little voice, "Sick 'im, Sprague!" If you don't think we ex-bucks are behind you for our sick buddies just whistle for help.—B. E. HILLMAN, *Springfield, Mo.*

To the Editor: Why did General Sawyer wait until a year and a half ago to take an active part in the affairs of our Government? I don't see how in the world this country pulled through the war without the General guiding our footsteps. General, if you had waited three years longer before honoring this country by accepting the job as chief co-ordinator (sounds good), hain't no tellin' what this country would have come to—gosh, you just did save us! Mr. Editor, you can throw this letter in the wastebasket or print it or paste it on the wall—I don't give a darn what you do with it, as I have got most of this mess off my mind and feel slightly (just slightly) better. If I have said anything I should be sorry for I am glad of it.—J. B. MULLINEAUX, *Commander, Donerson-Hawkins Post, New Bern, N. C.*

To the Editor: It makes one's blood boil in indignation to think that a man who is supposed to have as broad an appreciation of facts as General Sawyer is supposed to have would in any way interfere with the good work of the Veterans Bureau that is being handled by men of far more experience and knowledge than he has, or ever will have, of disabled veterans and their needs. I think a man may hold the rank of Brigadier General and still not be as skilled in certain lines as some subordinates. If the only reason General Sawyer does not want to give in is because he is supposed to be vested with more authority owing to his grade, let him consider a few facts about our own Army in war time. Brigadier General Dawes held the rank of lieutenant colonel almost to the end of the war, but many an officer that was far above him in rank gave in to him, time and again. They conceded to his wishes because of his superior knowledge in things pertaining to the Service of Supplies. I think it should be done in this case. As Legion men, I think the members of every post in the country should get behind Mr. Sprague at this time and let their voices be heard anywhere and everywhere in direct approval of the stand he has taken.—VERNON VROMAN, *Adjutant, Post 170, Chicago, Ill.*

The Old to the Young

To the Editor: I have seen no quotations in the Weekly from the rectorial address of Sir James M. Barrie at St. Andrew's University, Scotland, on "Courage." This was published in the *New York Times* a few weeks ago and has just been published in book form by Scribners. In saying what he has it seems to me Mr. Barrie has made himself a spokesman par excellence for those who took part in the war on the side of the Allies. At last the silence is broken. Somebody has found the power of speech and is expressing adequately what was crying to be said. His words ought to have an excellent effect in build-

ing up the right attitude in the Legion, and also in convincing unbelievers on the outside that the Legion has a real mission. Also, I believe he has a vital message for the Legion in view of the coming meeting of the Inter-Allied Veterans' Federation at New Orleans.—W. W. B., *New Bedford, Mass.*

Extracts from the Rectorial Address Delivered at St. Andrew's University, Scotland, by Sir James M. Barrie

Your betters had no share in the immediate cause of the war; we know what nation has that blot to wipe out; but for fifty years or so we heeded not the rumblings of the distant drum—I do not mean by lack of military preparations—and when war did come we told youth, who had to get us out of it, tall tales of what it really is and of the clover beds to which it leads.

In Next Week's Issue

¶ Alexander Woolcott

will describe life in the St. Mihiel salient four years after the battle in which America won it back for France.

¶ Charles Phelps Cushing

will tell about a world-famous hero of a generation ago whose feat has just won him a tardy D.S.C.—the man who carried the message to Garcia.

¶ Charles Moore

chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts, will discuss "War Memorials Bad and Good."

¶ Loy J. Molumby

Vice-commander, Department of Montana, will give advice on promoting and conducting an amateur boxing match.

We were not meaning to deceive, most of us were as honorable and as ignorant as the youths themselves; but that does not acquit us of failings such as stupidity and jealousy, the two black spots in human nature which, more than love of money, are at the root of all evil. If you prefer to leave things as they are we shall probably fail you again. Do not be too sure that we have learned our lesson, and are not at this very moment doddering down some brimstone path.

I am far from implying that even worse things than war may not come to a State. . . . But if you must be in the struggle the more reason you should know why, before it begins, and have a say in the decision whether it is to begin. The youth who went to the war had no such knowledge, no

such say; I am sure the survivors, of whom there must be a number here today, want you to be wiser than they were, and are certainly determined to be wiser next time themselves. If you are to get that partnership, which, once gained, is to be for mutual benefit, it will be, I should say, by banding yourselves with these men, not defiantly but firmly, not for selfish ends but for your country's good. . . .

We are a nice and kindly people, but it is already evident that we are stealing back into the old grooves, seeking cushions for our old bones, rather than attempting to build up a fairer future. That is what we mean when we say that the country is settling down. Make haste, or you will become like us, with only the thing we proudly call experience to add to your stock, a poor exchange for the generous feelings that time will take away. We have no intention of giving you your share. Look around and see how much share youth has now that the war is over. You got a handsome share while it lasted.

The Last to Die

To the Editor: I read with interest the article on "Letting the Battlefield Tell Its Own Story," and in regard to this I should like to ask if it is not fitting and proper that when special monuments are erected to mark historical spots, memorials should be put up to the last boys who died in the service of their country. To us of the A. E. F. in Siberia it seems a matter of neglect on the part of the country for which they fell that no special monument has been erected to the last men killed in action. Sergeant Robbins and Private Montgomery, Company M, 27th Infantry, were the last two men officially killed in action in the World War, on January 10, 1920. Will not The American Legion help to preserve the memory of these boys who gave their all like their buddies in France?—R. J. KENNEDY, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Veterans Both

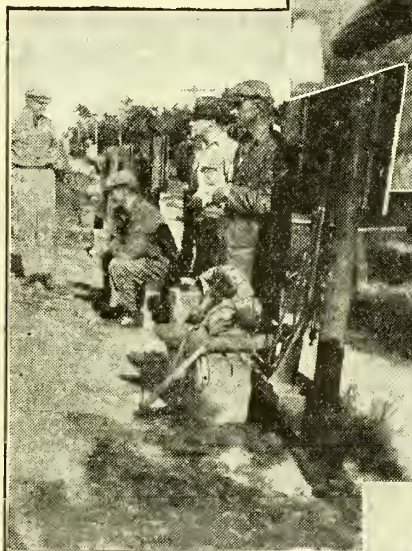
To the Editor: Your issue of August 11th contains an excellent article on "The Rising Tide of Veterandom," but the writer has failed to do justice to the situation in Missouri.

His article says that the ex-service senatorial candidate in Missouri was Colonel John S. Parker, whose photograph accompanies the article. I think it is perfectly fair to say that while Colonel Parker enjoyed the support of a great number of ex-service men, a still greater number supported Attorney-General Jesse W. Barrett, also an ex-service man and Legionnaire. Colonel Parker ran sixth in the race. Attorney-General Barrett ran third. Both Barrett and Parker, by the way, maintained the most friendly relations throughout their campaign, and each of them gave the other all help possible.

Attorney-General Barrett made it clear during the campaign, incidentally, that he did not claim a war record, since he had not been fortunate enough to get overseas. He volunteered in the artillery and was still stationed at Camp Taylor when the war closed. He has been particularly sympathetic and helpful, however, in the problems of the ex-service men. He drafted the plank in the Republican state platform promising state compensation, drafted the Missouri bonus measure, helped in its passage and won the suit in the Supreme Court sustaining its validity. He has steadfastly given the preference to ex-service men in appointments in his department.—STRATTON SHARTEL, *Assistant Attorney-General, member Clyde Burdick Post, Neosho, Mo.*

RIFLE CLUBS score as another live Legion activity. Looking toward the National Shoot in New Orleans, Legion marksmen and sharp-shooters are limbering up the old trigger fingers. While the Bill Harts we show hail from Massachusetts and California, that doesn't necessarily put them in the Coast Defense

Cambridge (Mass.) Post Rifle Club members (below) waiting their turn to show 'em how to qualify for the national meet



San Francisco Post Rifle Club operates in accordance with army regulations —everything official but the uniforms

A Cambridge Legionnaire (right) gets a mean bead on the target

Gun slings, raised sights'n'everything. San Franciscans learn that proper form counts in piling up scores



The hard-working pit detail of the San Francisco outfit welcomes the "cease firing" order (below)



S. F. post rookies get instructions in the art of recognizing a "fine sight" (circle)



Keeping Step With the Legion



A Steady Stream

"YOU'LL notice that we don't star-
tle the world by huge lots, or
mail-sack-fulls of cards, but we do keep
a-coming right along." Which is what
Ernest D. Wichels, who says he is ad-
jutant of "California's livest post"
(Vallejo Post No. 104) told us in a
recent letter accompanying four sub-
scription cards.

Friend Wichels didn't call attention
to the steady stream of cards from a
spirit of boastfulness; he just wanted
to point out that *his* post is a fifty-two-
weeks-a-year post. At the post's meet-
ing on the night of August 4th—last
before his letter came in—out of a
resident membership of 182, the attend-
ance was 147. Moreover, out of sev-
enty-two non-resident members, they
got twelve letters to be read the home-
buddies.

Records like this mean something.
How do they get that way? There are
lots of ways. They meet weekly, but
every week they have a speaker. Also,
after every weekly meeting they
have eats. Once a month they have
a dance. Once a week they have a
card party. The post has a volley
ball team, a baseball team, a basket-
ball team, a football team. It has a
horseshoe pitching team, too. It is
planning its own building, and that
keeps the gang interested.

Generally, Adjutant Wichels seems
to advocate the idea of giving the
crowd something to do that the crowd
likes to do. Because his crowd is ver-
satile, and likes to do a number of dif-
ferent things, he gives them a number
of kinds of entertainment—he and the
rest of the bunch that get up the en-
tertainments. Their whole idea is that
the Legion post must appeal to every
single member. Because this post
plans on that basis, he says, it gets
147 out of a possible 182 out to meet-
ings.

Publicity

A GOOD many times these columns
have devoted space to our crying
need for pictures—good pictures.
We've got results because a Legion-
naire always wants to give his outfit
the best he can and the gang won't
let the Weekly suffer for a little thing
like photographs. Just the same,
we're still in the market, and so is The
American Legion News Service.

Apparently one squib calling for pic-
tures brings out a temporary rush;
then the average post publicity officer
sits back and says one of two things:
"There, I've done my bit; the Weekly

used a picture from our post," or "I
sent a picture to the Weekly and they
didn't use it. I'm off slaving for those
birds."

Neither fellow is right. If we used
the picture, we are just as willing to
use another about a different subject.
If we didn't use it, all the more reason
to come through with a second; we
may use that. The principal trouble

with pictures we've refused has been
that they were not reproducible in an
effective way. Almost half of them
are group pictures, which are indis-
tinguishable when made into half-tones
and shown on a small printing surface,
like ours. Many of the pictures were
of small groups, but without relation
to the subject matter which would
make the pictures acceptable. We
might as well serve notice now that
the kind of a group picture we're most
likely to print is that which shows Leg-
ion men at work—the recently printed
picture of the Michigan City gang
building their own stadium was a good
case in point. Other good pictures are
of things the Legion has built and
which are working accomplishments.
Of course, this doesn't exhaust the
material we can use.

The News Service, however, can use
still more subjects than we. Pictures
of individuals who've done big things,
for instance. Or such pictures as that
of the pretty girl who won your post
beauty contest at the carnival. Or the
picture of the same girl selling candy
at your post fair. Or a picture of
some unique float you entered in the
last home-town parade.

Anyway, there are scores of possibil-
ities. The News Service uses a lot of
pictures we don't use, and we use a
lot they don't use. We'll see that the
pictures are considered for use by both
the News Service and the Weekly, if
you'll supply the pictures.

Bringing in the Dough

LOTS of posts in big cities are work-
ing actively within big business
organizations. Take Metropolitan
Post, at the national office of the Met-
ropolitan Life Insurance Company,
New York. That outfit is composed of
employees of one concern. And is it
active?

It just raised \$9,050.71. Really it
raised \$9,254.89, but it cost \$204.18 to
do the trick. How was it done? We
won't say it was done easily, because
we don't know, but we do know that
the post adapted a lot of old-time Leg-
ion ways of money-making to its own
problems, and made them all pan out.
It held a book sale. It held a poppy
sale. It held a cake sale. It held
sales of all kinds. It didn't ask some-
thing for nothing. It got something to
sell and then sold it. Some of the Leg-
ionnaires had a lot to give, and what
they gave went into the same market
and was sold. The re-sold gifts ran
all the way from a box of cigars to a
tennis racket—from two tickets to a
Broadway show to six bottles of Sham-
podine. The book sale was held by the

(Continued on page 23)

Legion Calendar

Membership Contest

Has been extended to September 16,
the date when department membership
records are compiled as the basis for
representation at the Fourth National
Convention.

Conventions

Your department convention may
not have been held yet. Try to get
there. Try to go to the National
Convention at New Orleans, anyway.
An ideal way to spend a vacation.
Reduced railroad rates to New Orleans
are a certainty.

The Coming Season

Summer is waning—but not Legion
activity. What does your post plan
during the winter? Not a let-up, we
know. And it's never too early to
plan. Football? Basketball? In-
door dances? Shows?

The Other Fellow

They may need help still—the dis-
abled fellows you know. The Legion
always is willing to assist them to get
their compensation, or to make their
lives a bit more colorful if they are
getting it.

Labor Day

Is Labor's Day, but maybe you can
help.

NOTICE

Good action pictures are being
sought not only by the Weekly
but by The American Legion News
Service. The man who has done
a big thing for the Legion and the
doing of a big thing both may make
good pictures. Send them to The
American Legion Weekly, 627 West
43d Street, New York City. Pub-
licity Officers, front and center!
Pretty girls always make good pic-
tures, especially if the girls are
caught working for the Legion.

"Labor" Day Is Right

By Wallgren

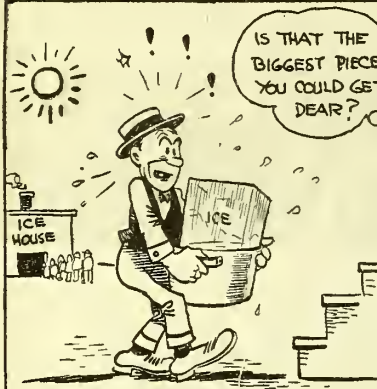
LABOR DAY -

"A DAY, USUALLY THE FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, SET APART AS A HOLIDAY FOR THE LABORING CLASSES."

HOLIDAY -

"A DAY OF EXEMPTION FROM LABOR, OF REST, OR OF DIVERSION."

(DICTIONARY DEFINITIONS)



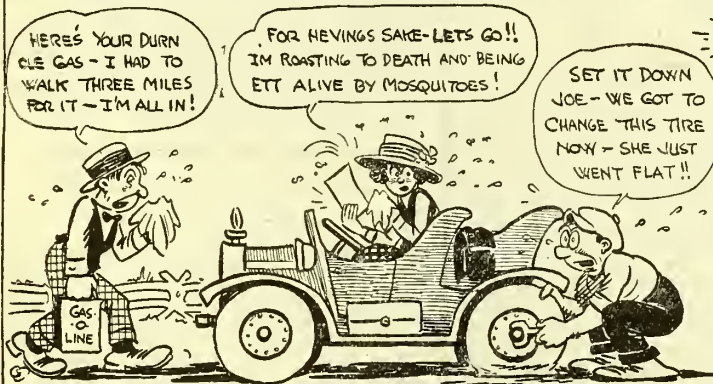
"GO GET SOME ICE, HUBBY DEAR - THE ICEMAN DOESN'T COME TODAY"



JOHN BANKCLERK ALWAYS JOINS THE LABORING CLASS ON HOLIDAYS.



TWO WEEKS VACATION UP LABOR DAY - NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW



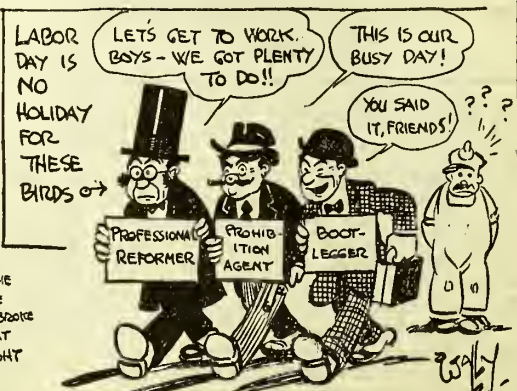
DOES THIS COME UNDER THE HEAD OF "DIVERSION" - ? - OR THIS?



"A DAY OF REST" FOR THE LABORER



HIS WIFE ALWAYS GOES AWAY UNTIL AFTER LABOR DAY.



- THEY DON'T BELONG TO THE LABORING CLASSES.

Hands on Hips! Place!

Limber up, You Athletes, Is the Word Going Forth to the Fightingest Crowd of Record Holders in the World

By James R. Murphy

Chairman, The American Legion National Athletic Commission

HAVE you joined the ranks of the sedentary fossils on the loafing benches of the U. S. A.? Is there any kick left in the old muscles since a hard-boiled exercise sergeant gladdened your heart with gentle words? The National Athletic Commission 'lows as how there is!

The athletic commission and the New Orleans Convention Committee are laying a big bet that, given an incentive, you can limber up the old maulers, shine up your Caddock-Lewis holds, throw the weights, leap the hurdles, do the dashes and run the distances with all the pep, vigor and speed of your best performances. They are laying this bet by arranging an athletic program as the big feature of the New Orleans Convention.

And who do you suppose is going to provide the brain and the brawn for this huge athletic spectacle? No one but you.

The National Commander believes you are still there with the old life, and he has created the National Athletic Commission to co-ordinate and stimulate Legion athletics, and to place them on a scale in keeping with Legion performances in other fields. The commission believes the National Commander is right, and refuses to consider that you have joined the forces of athletic has-beens; it believes that for several years to come Legion athletics can and will produce brilliant performances; it believes that The American Legion influence should be placed behind amateur athletics, and that when active participation shall be ended for Legion athletes, that the Legion, with other organizations, will have developed a program and a policy of sound athletics for a newer generation.

Have you looked up the list of events of the first big athletic meet? It is too large a proposition for detailed explanation here. Suffice to say that it covers thoroughly the field of water sports for men and women, track events, boxing and wrestling

for men, golf and tennis for men and women. A rifle meet will feature the program, and it is expected to draw the fire of the world's best riflemen. The meet will run through four days from October 16th to October 19th, inclusive. A. A. U. and inter-collegiate rules will govern the athletic events. The meet will be handled by the best officials in the country, and nothing will be left undone to make it the athletic event of the year 1922. Needless to say, the New Orleans Convention Committee is arranging for prizes worthy of the class of competition expected.

Now you thought you had and you did have your athletic specialty before and during the days between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918. Are you going to say that when Heinie threw the towel in the ring and tossed the sponge in the air you left athletics behind forever? Say not so!

You department athletics officers, you post officers, and you, Al, individually and collectively, take inventory of your athletes and athletics! Get out yourself and get out your members; see what you and they can do.

Full many a Caddock and oodles of Dempseys blushed unseen in the blue and khaki of Uncle Sam, and wrestlers and fighters equal to any the world has produced need only discovering in American Legion ranks. Star athletes galore are numbered in the membership of the Legion; potential stars are there in abundance. Get out when you are called upon and get out if you are not called upon. Let the old competitive spirit surge in your veins; let the untried Legionnaire be inspired by the performances of Legion stars everywhere.

I know you cannot make athletes over night, and I know you cannot always even find them in a day. But every community has athletes.

Take it from us. You will be glad you were in down there at New Orleans, putting The American Legion on the athletic map of the U. S. A.

On Your Way



New Orleans bound! The official poster for the Fourth National Convention of The American Legion —winner in a field of nineteen contestants

TAKING into consideration the earnest work of the National Convention Publicity Committee, we'd say that there will be but few absentees from the convention in New Orleans in October who can plead lack of knowledge of the place and date of the convention. Newspaper publicity? Yes, columns of it. And now in addition, the official convention poster, which will be displayed all over the country, particularly in some eleven thousand Legion communities. The poster contest, which meant the expending of a lot of time and money by the committee, was entered by nineteen artists and illustrators, and Clarence Reeder won the prize with his work, which portrays the desire of all Legionnaires and many of their friends to attend the national gathering in the "Paris of America."

Two large reproductions of the poster, attractively printed in five colors, will be sent to each Legion post about September first. And here's where the local post officers will get in their fine work. The Convention Committee is calling for and relying on their help. A suggestion is made that one copy of the poster be placed either on the front of the post meeting hall or in the hall itself. The other should be posted in the most prominent location in town. Posts with public bulletin boards are prepared for this job. Other posts have been asked to get busy and arrange for display space in the town square, the post office, the railway station or any place where Legionnaires, eligibles and the public cannot help but see it.



Legionnaire John Philip Sousa, best-known, best-loved and best living bandmaster, in the study of his home at Port Washington, N. Y. Commander Sousa is at present setting to music the navy poem "Coaling Cadences," by Wells Hawks, which appeared in the May 12th issue of this magazine

glee club and instrumental bodies? Certainly love songs are not written in vain. Wedding music is in constant use, and we place our beloved ones in eternal rest with the solacing strains of the funeral hymn or dirge.

Looking down the corridor of time we find that the first popular song ever written was the one sung by Moses and the children of Israel in exaltation over the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts. Nothing but song and dance were adequate to celebrate that great event. In triumph and mighty unison they sang, "I will sing unto the Lord, the Lord is a man of war," and Miriam and the women played upon timbrels and danced in graceful abandon to the accompaniment of the mighty choir. Later, with the advent of the sweet singer of Israel, came a gush of popular songs, for by his genius he swayed the multitude and became the idol of all his land—David the beloved one, he who wrote the Book of Psalms. He was a musician, a poet, and a first-class fighter. While instrumental music was introduced into the services of God by Moses, David combined voices and instruments in

harmonious whole. We must therefore give him credit as the first bandmaster on record.

When the Christian world was only a matter of sixteen or seventeen centuries old Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun,

The Force of Music

By John Philip Sousa

AN art so closely associated with humanity as music could only become so from man's crying need. It is easy to see how music fits in the scheme of life. The infant is lulled to sleep by the melodic

crooning of its mother; children's games are filled with the music of nursery rhymes; at school there is no happier hour than when the scholar raises his voice in song. Where is the college or university that has not its

O Thou America, Messiah of Nations

COMMANDER SOUSA calls this poem by James Whitcomb Riley, written soon after President McKinley's death, "the most beautiful patriotic words ever written in our country." The text as here reproduced is from the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

I

In the need that bows us thus,
America!
Shape a mighty song for us—
America!
Song to whelm a hundred years'
Roar of wars and rain of tears
'Neath a world's triumphant cheers:
America! America!

II

Lift the trumpet to thy mouth,
America!
East and West and North and South—
America!
Call us round the dazzling shrine
Of the starry old ensign—
New baptized in blood of thine,
America! America!

III

Dying eyes through pitying mists,
America!
See the Assassin's shackled wrists,
America!
Patient eyes that turn their sight
From all blackening crime and blight
Still toward Heaven's holy light—
America! America!

IV

High o'erlooking sea and land,
America!
Trustfully with outheld hand,
America!
Thou dost welcome all in quest
Of thy freedom, peace and rest—
Every exile is thy guest,
America! America!

V

Thine a universal love,
America!
Thine the cross and crown thereof,
America!
Aid us, then, to sing thy worth:
God hath builded, from thy birth,
The first nation of the earth—
America! America!

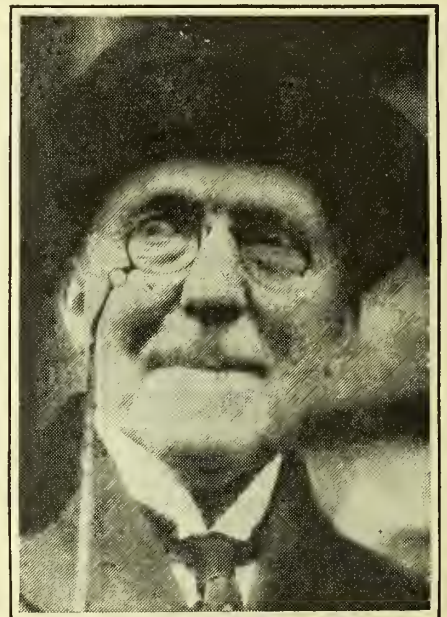


Photo Paul Thompson

James Whitcomb Riley

probably a student of history and a keen observer, in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose wrote the following often misquoted sentence: "I knew a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Fletcher's wise man no doubt recognized music as the all-powerful force in religion, politics and patriotism. From the religious standpoint, it is not difficult to realize a Creator of all things as one listens to the solemn intoning of hymns breathing hope and eternity. Politicians have been made or unmade by music hall and street songs. The effect of stimulating patriotism by music is too well known to be a subject of argument. The patriotic clan songs of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, England, Bohemia and other lands breathe the fiery breath of nationalism.

Perhaps there is no song that arouses its people to a greater national unity than the "Marseillaise." Some one called it "the fire water of France." Carlyle says, "It preserves the notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death, glorious as the one, funereal like the other, it assures the country, whilst it makes the citizen turn pale. And whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death,

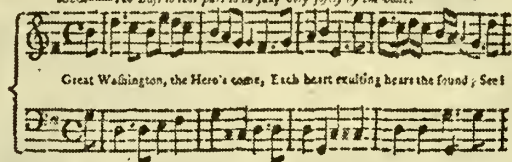
Despot and Devil." The melodies of the best patriotic songs have either had a strong tinge of church-like music or the barbaric splendor of the military march. The national anthems of Great Britain, of Austria and of the former empires of Germany and Russia lend themselves to admirable choral treatment.

The music of our own "The Star Spangled Banner" has been wedded to words authentically at least three times. The music first appears as a drinking song of the Anacreontic Society of London, the words by Ralph Tomlinson. Its second wedding, the words beginning, "Sons of Columbia who bravely have

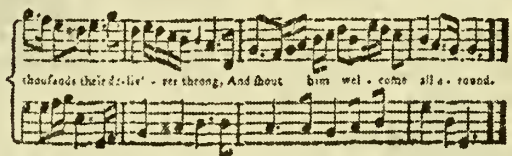
ODE TO COLUMBIA'S FAVOURITE SON.

Sung by the Independent Musical Society, on the arrival of THE PRESIDENT at the TROOPERS' ARCADE, in Boston, October 24, 1789.

NOTE.—The first part to be sung only softly by one voice.



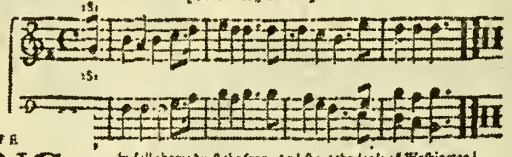
Great Washington, the Hero's come, Each heart exulting hears the sound; See!



thousands their de-liv-ers strong, And shout him wel-come all a-round.

Chorus.

[To be sung briskly.]



In full chorus with the song, And shout the deeds of Washington!

The NEW and FAVOURITE LIBERTY SONG.

In FREEDOM we're Born, &c.

Neatly engraved on COPPER-PLATE, the size of half a sheet of Paper.

Set to MUSIC for the VOICE,

And to which is also added,

A SET of NOTES adapted to the GERMAN FLUTE and VIOLIN,

Is just published and to be SOLD at the LONDON Book-store, King-street, Boston,

Price SIXPENCE Lawful single, and FOURSHILLINGS Lawful, the dozen.

An early song in honor of Washington. (From The National Music of America, by Louis C. Elson. L. C. Page & Co.)

present time is "Yankee Doodle," which is an English air dating back to the time of Cromwell, when it was known as "The Roundheads and Cavaliers."

The Civil War brought forth a great number of songs of a more or less patriotic character. Among the leading ones may be named "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the music by Steffe, the words by Julia Ward Howe; "Dixie," the words and music by Daniel Decatur Emmett, which was first sung and danced in New York at Bryant's Minstrels on September 12, 1859. Words suitable for the Southern side were written by Albert Pike, and became immensely popular south of the Mason and Dixon line. Today "Dixie" is a favorite tune throughout the Union. A song played, whistled and sung by both armies was entitled, "We'll be gay and happy still." The song of the Grand Army of the Republic was Henry Clay Work's "Marching Through Georgia." Among other famous Civil War songs may be mentioned, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "We'll Rally 'Round the Flag," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and last but not least, "Maryland, My Maryland," the music from an old German folk song, the words by James Ryder Randall.

The Spanish War brought into prominence "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The World War gave birth to a myriad of tunes good, bad and indifferent. Among the most successful were "Tipperary," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "Over There." The French gave to the public "Madelon" and "Sambre et Meuse."

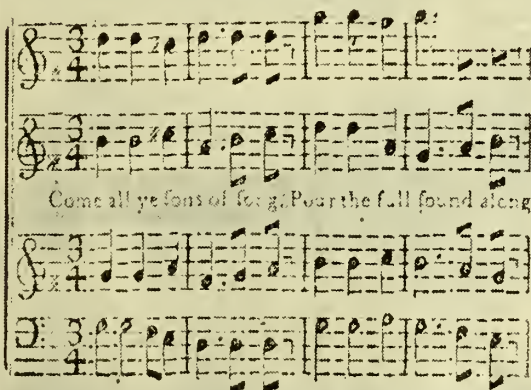
"The Stars and Stripes Forever," in the words of a famous American general, has been the musical watchword in three wars—the Spanish, the

(Continued on page 21)

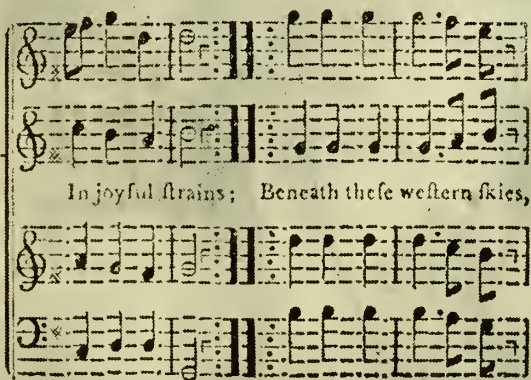
THE AMERICAN

SONG L.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY



Come all ye sons of song, Pour the full sound along



In joyful strains; Beneath these western skies,

An advertisement for the "Liberty Song," probably the earliest native American patriotic song, which appeared in the Boston Chronicle for October 16, 1768. The chorus ran:

"In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live;

Our purses are ready; Steady, friends, steady! Not as slaves, but as free-men, our money we'll give.

(From "The History of American Music," by Louis C. Elson. Macmillan Co.)

fought," was written by Thomas Paine and the title of the song was "Adams and Liberty." The third setting was made by Francis Scott Key. It first appeared in the Baltimore Patriot under the title, "The Defense of Fort McHenry."

The music of the American Revolution consisted mainly of "Yankee Doodle," "On the Road to Boston," "Rural Felicity," "My Dog and Gun," and "Washington's March." Among the above that have lived up to the

An early American word-setting for the air of "God Save the King" (eighteenth century). The words as we sing them in "America" were not written until 1832

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

Fact

Our national liberty crisis
Is o'er, our escutcheon is clean;
Our flag waves on high, and the prices
Wave somewhat above it, I ween.

The world is much finer for living,
The Kaiser has gone through the sieve;
But still comes a humble misgiving—
It's harder than ever to live.

Preparing a Place

A certain minister who had been asked by his congregation to turn in his resignation selected as his text for his farewell sermon, the following:

"I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

A stranger, noting the disapproval with which the text was received by members of the congregation, turned an inquiring eye on the man sitting beside him. He received back this answer, delivered in a hoarse whisper:

"He's going to be the chaplain at the state penitentiary."

Preferred Stock

Ephraim and Sam, privates of the Darkest Hour Labor Battalion, were making their first trip overseas and were looking apprehensively into the murky water as the transport churned through.

"Not so good," commented Ephraim. "Me, Ah dunno whether Ah rather be on a sinkin' steamboat or in a railroad wreck."

"Dat's easy," replied Sam emphatically. "Sinkin' steamboat every time is wuss. 'Kase if de steamboat sinks, whah is you? In a railroad wreck, dar you is."

Perfectly Natural

"He wouldn't sacrifice his calling for a million dollars."

"What's his calling?"

"He's a profiteer."

Why He Was Curious

Two dusky devotees of the Goddess of Chance became involved in an altercation over a crap game.

"Look heah, chile," said one. "Yo' trifle wid me an' dere'll be a brass ban' playin' ahead of yo' cyar, wif yo' de onliest one not enjoyin' de music."

"Say yo' so, li'l boy. Now I axes yo', is yo' got any conspicuous an' prominent birmarks, or odder distinguishin' means of 'identification'?"

"Who, me? Nossuh, Ah's a lamb wifout spot or blemish. Why is yo' curious?"

"Only dis. Ise wonderin' how, 'thout dem, is yo' mammy gwine reckernize yo' remains when dey sweeps de pieces up in one li'l plate."

Fido First

"While you were in Florida, dearest," said the doting and wealthy husband, "I added this wing to the house."

"Well, you'll have to tear it down then. Fido buried a bone there before we left."

An Expert

Counsel: "The cross-examination didn't seem to worry you at all. Have you had any experience in that line?"

Client: "Married three times."

Speaking of Dry Spells

"Yes, we do have some pretty long dry spells here," said the old desert rat to the inquiring tourist. "Fact of it is that after some of them we have to teach the fish to swim again, but what makes it sad is that so many of 'em drown learnin'."

Potential Dynamite

"Looky hyah, boy, don' yo'-all come rambunctioin' aroun' me. Ise tough, I is. Why, I kain't even go down the street with mah hands in mah pockets, Ise so tough!"

"Hm-hm—how come?"

"They'd pinch me fo' carryin' concealed weapons."

Just Begun to Fight

Sam unfortunately had picked out an unusually combative helpmeet. After three days of married life he returned to his job looking somewhat wilted and woebegone. His employer, knowing the circumstances, sought to joke with him.

"Sam," he said seriously. "You look as if you'd been in a battle."

"Yo' jes' bet Ah has, boss," replied Sam ruefully. "But dat ain' de wuss of it. Ah 'pears to have gone and mar'ied mahself to de whole World Wah!"

In Bad

She: "That man I was talking to bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned I hid it with my hand."

He (trying to be gallant): "Really I don't see how so small a hand could hide—that is—ah, er—oh, let's take a walk."

Good Intentions

"What in hades made you let go of that rope?" bellowed the irate master of the ceremonies associated with engineering a safe through a ninth-story window, as he contemplated the wreck consequent upon his Italian helper's dereliction.

"Scusa me, boss," faltered poor Giovanni, "but I had to tella da lady to looka out."

The Retainer

A speeding motorist was brought before a local judge and fined fifteen dollars. Without demur, the culprit placed three ten-dollar bills on the bench and started to walk out.

"Here," the justice called after him, "there are thirty dollars here?"

"I know that," replied the autoist, "but that's all right. I'm going out of this blamed town a dawgone sight faster than I came in, you bet!"

Wanted—No Place Like Home

"So you are taking your wife to the Lakes of Killarney. Wonderful place—I've been there. There are echoes there that repeat the sound of the human voice forty times."

"I guess we won't go to the Lakes of Killarney."

Tit for Tat

The timid business man had taken everything the barber suggested. As he was paying his check, however, he turned to the tonsorial artists and said:

"Now, remember. Next time you come into my store for one collar I shall expect you to buy a new suit, a pair of shoes, some shirts and socks, a raincoat, a bathrobe and a dozen handkerchiefs. Good day."

Yumpin' Yiminy!

Ole Olesen had been working as an engine wiper and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with such advice as:

"Now, Ole, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money. And don't waste the



"I hear you've inherited two thousand pounds from your old uncle in Scotland, Sandy. Quite a windfall."

"It's no sic a windfa'! 'Twas nae exackly twa thousand pounds—there was postage due on the letter."

waste, either—that's getting expensive, too."

With these facts of economy pounded thoroughly into his head, Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility as fireman. The last query propounded was:

"Suppose you are on your engine, on a single track. You go around a curve and see rushing toward you an express. What would you do?"

To which Ole replied:

"I grab the dam' oil can; I grab the dam' waste—and I yump!"

He Knew His Stuff

Geraldine: "What makes you think that fellow was a real hypnotist, dear? He acted like a fake to me."

Phyllis: "He asked Meg her age and she said 'thirty-four' loud enough for the whole house to hear."

Hobson's, Too

It was a small town hotel and the traveling salesman, inured to the horrors of such places, entered the dining room with forebodings. He gasped with delight to see written on the menu:

"Choice — Filet sauté, broiled young chicken, beef stew."

"A decent place at last," exclaimed the salesman. "I'll have filet sauté."

"Sorry, sir, but that's out," answered the waiter.

The guest was somewhat disappointed, but one must put up with these things.

"Broiled chicken, then," he ordered.

But that was out, too. Then the salesman exploded.

"What do you mean by a choice of three dishes?" he roared.

"Ah," the waiter replied, "you see, sir, it's the proprietor who takes the choice."



"I'm surprised to see you here. Aren't you ashamed to be seen in a cell?"

"Sure, but they won't let me out just because of that."

Business Problem No. 1

"There is a law which prohibits the printing of false statements on manufactured goods."

"Then how in Sam Hill does the label get by on a hotel hot-water faucet?"

Practical Use

Eight-year-old Walter, reading a book far beyond his years, had just had the word "diplomacy" defined to him by his father as "doing the right thing at the right time." For a moment he was silent and then exclaimed:

"Well, then, I guess I used diplomacy last night. It was dark when mother came in with the castor oil, and I rolled Johnny into my place, and then when she got to the other side of the bed I rolled him back again."

A Double Predicament

Two acquaintances met in a polling booth on the day of the municipal election and both proceeded to examine the list of candidates.

"George," remarked one voter. "I don't want to vote for any of these men—I don't know one of them."

"I'm in the same position, Joe," replied the other sadly. "I know them all."

Ancient Lore

"Do you remember the fable of the hare and the tortoise?"

"I do," replied Mr. Chuggins, "and it's all old stuff. A modern version would have the hare arrested for speeding."

No?

"Pop, I got in trouble at school today and it's all your fault."

"How's that, my son?"

"Well, you remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, teacher asked me today, and 'helluva lot' isn't the right answer."

Veteran Legislation in Oregon

Armistice Day

November 11 is designated as a legal holiday.

Relief for Indigent Veterans

County courts are authorized to levy an additional tax of not exceeding one-tenth and not less than one-thirtieth of one mill upon taxable property to create a fund for the relief of indigent veterans, residents of the State for at least three months. This law also provides for indigent widows and minor children of veterans, and the fund can also be used to defray funeral expenses and expenses of the last illness of a veteran. The treasurer of the county is to pay out funds on application made through the nearest post of a veterans' organization.

State Veterans' Cemetery

An appropriation of \$15,000 for the perpetual maintenance and improvement of a state veterans' burial plot in the Mount Scott Park Cemetery has been voted. This is a plot acquired by The American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the United Spanish War Veterans.

Educational Aid

A payment of \$25 a month is made to honorably discharged veterans of the World War for continuing education in any institution of learning located within the confines of the State and registered under state laws, providing he attends sixty hours of instruction a month. Proportional aid is granted those taking fewer hours of instruction.

Illegal Wearing of Uniform

The wearing of any button, insignia or emblem issued by the United States Government on account of military service rendered, by anyone not a discharged soldier, sailor or marine is prohibited; also the wearing of clothing of army issue by any-

one not a discharged soldier, sailor or marine for the purpose of impersonating such discharged veteran.

Foreign Language Publications

It is unlawful to print, publish, circulate or sell any newspaper, pamphlet or circular in the State in any language other than the English language, unless the same contains a literal translation of the printed material in the English language.

Employment of Aliens

The employment of aliens by public officials on any public works in the State is prohibited.

Memorials

The expenditure of county funds for the erection of monuments or other memorials to World War veterans is authorized.

Recording of Discharges

Provision is made for the recording of discharge certificates of all veterans in the State without charge.

State Hospitalization

The admission of veterans to state hospitals for treatment is authorized.

State History

A history of the State's part in the World War and a complete record of former service men and women is being compiled.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Commission

In 1919 the governor was authorized to appoint a commission composed of five members to provide such care and extend such financial assistance as the commission determined to be reasonably required by soldiers, sailors and marines honorably discharged from the United States service

since November 11, 1918. An appropriation of \$100,000 was made for this purpose. The commission is to be discontinued by the governor whenever the Congress of the United States shall have made adequate provision for the care and assistance of discharged service men.

Protection of Legion Insignia

The wearing or use of the Legion emblem by persons not entitled to that privilege is prohibited.

State Soldiers' Home

Admission to the state soldiers' home is granted to veterans of the World War who by reason of wounds, disease, old age or infirmities are unable to earn their living and have no adequate means of support. This same privilege is granted wives of veterans and the widows of veterans who at the time of their husbands' death are inmates of the home.

Adjusted Compensation

A cash payment of \$15 a month for each month of service for a period of more than sixty days, between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1919, the total not to exceed \$500; or a loan for the purchase of farms or city and suburban homes up to a maximum of \$3,000 or 75 percent of the appraised valuation of the property for homes so purchased, is provided. A commission to administer this act consists of the governor, secretary of state, adjutant general and two members appointed by the governor, one of whom must be a veteran of the World War eligible to receive compensation from the State.

State Medal

A state service medal is issued to all honorably discharged veterans and also to other persons of any Allied army who at the time of entering service were and now are residents of the State.

EX-SERVICE INFORMATION

After Claim Law Violators

THROUGH the National Service Division of the Legion at its National Headquarters and through department and post service officers of the Legion, the attention of the Department of Justice has been called to the unlawful operations of claim agents in many cities who are charging disabled ex-service men extortionate fees and thus making themselves liable to heavy fine and penitentiary imprisonment.

The latest case which National Headquarters has referred to the Department of Justice for investigation involves an attorney in a Southern State who is alleged to have charged a \$200 fee for assisting in the collection of a \$2,000 government insurance policy. The parents of the deceased ex-service man were beneficiaries under the policy. The attorney's services are said to have been the writing of several letters to senators and representatives and the preparation of several affidavits.

The original War Risk Insurance Act specifically provides:

"Payment to any attorney or agent for such assistance as may be required in the preparation and execution of the necessary papers shall not exceed \$3 in any one case; and provided further, that no claim agent or attorney shall be recognized in the presentation or adjudication of claims under Articles 2, 3 and 4, except that in the event of disagreements as to a claim under the contract of insurance between the Bureau and any beneficiary or beneficiaries thereunder an action on the claim may be brought against the United States in the district court of the United States in and for the district in which such beneficiaries or any one of them resides, and that whenever judgment shall be rendered in an action brought pursuant to this provision the court, as part of its judgment, shall determine and allow such reasonable attorney's fees, not to exceed five per centum of the amount recovered, to be paid by the claimant in behalf of whom such proceedings were instituted to his attorney, said fee to be paid out of the payments to be made to the beneficiary under the judgment rendered at a rate not exceeding one-tenth of each of such payments until paid.

"Any person who shall, directly or indirectly, solicit, contract for, charge or receive, or who shall attempt to solicit, contract for, charge or receive any fee, or compensation, except as herein provided, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and for each and every offense shall be punishable by a fine of not more than \$500 or by imprisonment at hard labor for not more than two years, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

It is apparent from the above that the only cases under which attorneys or others may charge more than the \$3 fee stipulated are those in which court actions are undertaken.

Another case, as the result of which prosecution is to be undertaken immediately, is founded upon the alleged action of an Indianapolis claim agent in charging a disabled veteran, who was helpless in a hospital, several fees of more than the legal amount and exacting an agreement that \$25 additional was to be paid upon settlement of the claim. In still another case, a claim agent is alleged to have charged \$6 for the preparation of a single affidavit. An attorney in Minnesota is accused of charging \$20 for preparing several affidavits and writing seven letters.

The illegal activities of claim agents have only been possible because of a lack of understanding of their rights by service men having claims against the Government. Not only may men having claims press their cases through the district offices of the Veterans Bureau without payment of fees,

EX-SERVICE persons seeking adjustment of claims or information should apply to their post service officer. If the settlement or the information sought cannot be obtained locally, inquiry should be addressed to National Service Division, National Headquarters, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

but they may also obtain the assistance of post, department and national service officials of The American Legion entirely without cost. The Red Cross also helps in the preparation of affidavits and in writing letters without charge.

Post officers or individual Legionnaires who learn of seeming violations of the law governing fees are advised to report them to their department officials, who will take steps to obtain prosecutions if necessary.

Where to Write

TO secure settlement of minor claims from government agencies ex-Army and Navy men should send requests to the following government departments. Unless otherwise specified the address is Washington, D. C.

Army

\$60 Discharge Bonus: Finance Office, Munitions Building.
Government Allotment: Finance Office, Munitions Building.

Liberty Bonds: Allotment and Bond Branch, Finance Office, Munitions Building.
Back Pay: General Accounting Office, War Department Division.

Reservists' Pay: Finance Office, Munitions Building.

Lost Discharges: Adjutant General of the Army.

Victory Medals: Nearest regional office of the U. S. Army, located as follows: Army Bldg., 39 Whitehall St., New York City; Ft. Thomas, Kentucky; Ft. McPherson, Ga.; Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; Ft. Bliss, Tex.; Room 270, City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

Navy

\$60 Discharge Bonus: Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department.

Government Allotment: Navy Allotment Office, Navy Department, Bureau of Navigation.

Liberty Bonds: General Accounting Office, Navy Department.

Back Pay: General Accounting Office, Navy Department.

Retainer or Reservists' Pay: Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department.

Victory Medals: Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department.

Lost Discharges: Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department.

Outfit Reunions and Notices

CONTRIBUTIONS for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

BATTERY A, 311TH F. A.—First reunion at Hotel Kittatinny, Delaware Water Gap, Pa., September 9 and 10. Address Battery A Reunion Committee, P. O. Box 415, Pen Argyl, Pa.

KELLY FIELD DENTAL VETERANS' ASSO.—Former members of this dental unit, including dental assistants, interested in reorganization of service association are requested to address Dr. William Stranathan, Box 331, National Military Home, O.

Dates Worth Watching

AUGUST 9, 1922, has come and gone. Hundreds of Legionnaires throughout the country, heeding the advice given in Ex-Service Information in the issue of June 16th, filed with the Veterans Bureau their applications for certificates of injury in time to get under the wire, August 9th being the final date for granting these certificates and the certificates being essential if any claim for compensation is to be filed later.

At this time, a further reminder should be given veterans with any degree of disability for which they have not yet obtained compensation, but for which they have obtained from the Veterans Bureau a certificate of injury. Section 309 of the War Risk Insurance Act is as follows:

"That no compensation shall be payable unless a claim therefore be filed, in case of disability, within five years after discharge or resignation from service, or, in case of death during the service, within five years after such death is officially recorded in the Department under which he may be serving; *Provided, however,* that where compensation is payable for death or disability occurring after discharge or resignation from the service, claim must be made within five years after such death or the beginning of such disability."

Every man having a disability which may entitle him now or later to compensation knows the date of his discharge. He should be sure to make his claim, then, before five years have elapsed. Most World War veterans were discharged from service during 1919, and hence have until 1924 to make their claims. It should be noted in this connection, however, that the Director of the Veterans Bureau has authority to extend the time limit in any individual case, if good cause is shown, for not exceeding one year.

The American Legion has requested from the Veterans Bureau a ruling on policy, to learn what are the rights of men having slight disabilities which may later prove serious providing they neglected to obtain the certificates of injury which the law specifies must be the basis of all new compensation claims filed in the future. Whether the law will be amended to assist men who neglected to protest their rights is a question which must be answered in a future issue.

Compensation Claims

QUERIES with reference to locating former buddies whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Service Division, National Headquarters, American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana. The Service Division will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly.

The Service Division wants to hear from the following:

Chancey Beal and John P. Creel stationed in St. Nazaire, France, during winter of 1918; Lt. Levy, who was stationed at Base Hospital, Camp Mills, Long Island, in May, 1919, while the 77th Div. was there; man named Stewart in line "I," Sec. 6, 1st Training Brig., Trades Div., Kelly Field, Texas, during July, 1918, who took Arthur Hartgraves to the temporary hospital there; former members of Base Hospital 45, who remember that Summerfield McCarty was treated for influenza in that hospital in February, 1918; former members of the 2nd Ammunition Train, 2nd Div., A.E.F., who were on truck that carried load of ammunition from 5th Marine headquarters to Lucy-le-Bocage on afternoon of June 18 or 19, 1918; men who knew former members of Co. G, 161st Sanitary Train, between September 1 and November 1, 1918, also former members of Co. G, 307th Inf., who knew Carl Oeltjenbrun; Arthur C. Phillips, who served on the U.S.S. *North Dakota* with James J. Pihera; Pat O'Reilly, who served with

the 148th Inf. at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, and David Lightner, Medical Detachment, 148th Inf., during the Meuse-Argonne drive about October 1, 1918.

Stable Sgt. William G. Cox, Hq. Co., 334th F. A., 87th Div., Stable Orderly of Hq. Co., Camp Dix, New Jersey; George Smith, 334th F. A., and the man assisting him on the wagon on the morning of August 3, 1918, also Cook Whitebread, Supply Co., 334th Inf.; former members of Co. B, 140th Inf., 35th Div., who were with Arvid C. Carlson, or knew of his being gassed on October 21, 1918; former members of Battery F, 5th F. A., who were with Bruce E. Newman on March 9, 1918, the Major who treated him at 165th Field Hospital and the men who were with him in the hospital, V. H. No. 30, during November and December, 1918.

Anton Mussil, Vice Commander, North Shore Post, 3733 North Irving Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, advises that he has a complete 7th Div. roster and will be glad to assist former members of this division in locating comrades.

Questions

Limbers and Caissons

I recall reading many months ago that posts of the Legion could buy from the War Department artillery caissons and limbers for use in funeral ceremonies and parades. Can these still be bought?—L. R., Chicago, Ill.

The Chief of Ordnance advises that caissons and limbers for sale to Legion posts are now available only at Camp Bragg, N. C., and Camp Knox, Ky. The charge is \$15—\$10 for caisson and \$5 for limber. All transportation charges must be borne by purchaser.

It is suggested that before orders are placed, local freight agents be consulted to ascertain the transportation costs, as the freight charges may be considered prohibitive by posts far distant from the camps named.

In Ex-Service Information in the issue of August 25, it was stated that examinations for appointment as second lieutenant in the Regular Army would be held in all corps areas on September 4th. The War Department has since announced that the examination day has been postponed until October 23rd.

The Force of Music

(Continued from page 17)

Philippine and the World War. This composition came into existence in the late autumn of 1896. Returning from a tour of Europe, the inspiration came to me while on the steamer. I paced the deck in company with a mental brass band giving forth the melodies of this march. The pianoforte of the manuscript was written after I reached New York and shows the date of Christmas, 1896. The band score was completed the following April.

The music of a song of the south, "Dixie," was written by a Northern man; the music of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," was written by a Southern man, so the north and south went fifty-fifty on two rattling good tunes.

If I were asked what I consider the most beautiful patriotic words ever written in our country, I would say James Whitcomb Riley's "Messiah of Nations." He wrote this anthem for the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in Indianapolis, and I had the honor to be commissioned to write the music. It was sung at the dedication and afterward incorporated in my suite, "The Dwellers of the Western World." I do not know whether our anthem will ever become universally known as an American patriotic song, but I do know that no finer words could be selected for traditional America, real America, ideal America.



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WITH THE AUXILIARY

A Strong Link

WE all know that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and reports from the many units pouring into the newly created publicity department at National Headquarters reveal few weak links in our chain. We hardly need proof of this fact, but it does us good to give the proof.

The vitality of the American Legion Auxiliary is the vitality of its individual members, and when a letter comes showing the strength of purpose of one of our members, such as the one quoted here, it warms our hearts. It is from Mrs. Mabel C. Williams of Yamhill, Oregon, president of Unit No. 59 in that city and chairman of the state activities committee. She says:

We are young yet, and it is hard for everyone to realize that we must take hold and act together. So many are like myself, just home folks, just somebody's mother who was a soldier and is now a Legion boy. I am busy, I run three large greenhouses, keep house, only my baby at home, a lad of 13 years. Mr. Williams runs the ranch, 155 acres.

I walk over a mile into town twice a month to meetings, often through mud and rain. I have belonged to the Auxiliary ever since it was organized two years ago this spring. We meet twice a month. I have never missed a meeting yet. We have twenty-nine members paid up. We have visited the hospitals in Portland several times. For Mothers' Day we took one hundred boxes of good things to eat; made it look and smell and taste like 'Mother's' do. My, how pleased the boys were. Just a bunch of happy boys, they were.

We are now fixing up a box, a big one, of homemade cookies to send in to them; they love cookies, you know. We have held several get-together meetings, invite posts from different places and Auxiliary units, too. We have a fine time; sing, play games, talk and eat. I never fail to get a crowd when I send out an invitation for a get-together meeting. Unit No. 59 met with the Newberg and McMinnville Units and organized a county council of the five units in the county; we meet once a month in one of the towns, turn about. The officers of the five units discuss what we can do, how best to go at it, and all about it, take it back to the units, get their voice on the plan, and in this co-operation we accomplish so much more, than if just one unit worked alone.

We are giving a dance now to raise some money; all ladies to dress in gingham and the men in overalls and shirt sleeves, and all to dance old-fashioned dances. We held a market day; members brought in anything—potatoes, prunes, butter, eggs, dressed chicken, homemade cheese—in fact just anything to eat. I took plants and cut flowers from my greenhouses and made things look nice. In big cities where they already have these things I do not suppose it would pay, but in country towns it works. I realized that day \$16 for just my plants and flowers. We have given apron parties, got a little that way; basket socials—they work pretty well.

My people came to America in 1654; in all wars America ever had they have been represented, and I want to do my duty as

an American in making our Auxiliary a success.

Mrs. Williams wants new plans that have been tried in other units which she can apply in Oregon—please send to the publicity office at National Headquarters details of any successful and unique social venture, or money-raising party that your unit has sponsored, so that it can be transmitted to her.

A Leper Colony Aided

LISTENING in on waves of ether is the popular indoor sport of the day, and it was the good fortune of one of our Auxiliary units to discover the class of persons, out of all of the world, to whom a radio outfit would bring the greatest pleasure.

Let Belle Ellis Whitehead, Department Secretary of Louisiana, tell you about it:

The lepers' colony at Carville, Louisiana, has been until recently almost as completely shut off from the world as if some one had erected a wall around the universe and had left Carville on the outside. Of course there was an echo of happiness and laughter that strained its way in occasionally, but not nearly enough to go around among the men who are condemned for life to isolation there.

Among the inhabitants of the Island are eleven ex-service men. The Rollins Unit of The American Legion Auxiliary, New Orleans, of which Mrs. J. P. Williams is president, wanted to contribute something for the diversion of these unfortunates, so the unit recently had one of the finest radio instruments installed and Carville is listening in.

We think of the buddy who is unemployed and it gives us a lump in our throats, and if we are good Auxiliary members we set about to help him get on until things look brighter for him. A lost job sounds frivolous compared with the lot of these eleven war veterans, condemned to a living death.

The contact with things of an artistic nature, which the radio makes possible, is stimulating and we feel that it brings to the Island enough good cheer, laughter and song for every fellow at Carville to get his share.

Mrs. Whitehead writes with authority on the problem of the unemployed veteran, because her State, with Legion and Auxiliary in co-operation, has handled the unemployment situation for months. The Auxiliary serves a daily luncheon at The American Legion's club, where also an employment bureau is conducted.

Incidentally, providing radio outfits for the men in the hospitals where the tuberculous are treated is a new task that a number of the Auxiliary units have taken up with enthusiasm. They already had spotted all wards with the inevitable phonograph and had kept it charged with all of the new records.

The Connecticut department has purchased two radio outfits, one for the five hundred tuberculous patients at the Government Hospital in Allington, West Haven, Conn., and the other for Gaylord Sanitarium, Wallingford. The Auxiliary at Blunt, South Dakota, gave \$300 toward a radio-phonograph for a tuberculosis hospital in a near-by State.

Keeping Step with the Legion

(Continued from page 13)

law division and library employees who were in the post. One book, a history written and autographed by former President Wilson, was sold for \$51.

Sing Low—Never!

ONLY a few weeks ago we injected music into this page, telling as how music soothes the savage breast or something and also hypes up post meetings and gives the post an artistic rep in the community.

Evidently, we struck a responsive chord. (Musical joke.)

The ink was hardly dry on that issue before we received commendation for the idea (which wasn't our idea, anyway, if you'll remember). A chap down New Orleans way wrote that he'd like to see the notion extended to national Legion events. That Fourth National Convention, he meant.

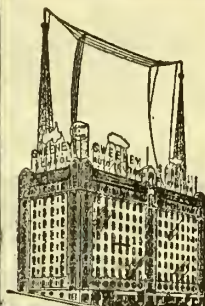
He even went so far as to suggest a competition between quartets, similar to the band competition, and to the athletic meet. Anyway, he couldn't see why departments shouldn't bring their own favorite songbirds to warble whether there would be competition or not. The art of Caruso, he felt, is not so combative as the art of Babe Ruth, so he was willing to confess that competition might prove unethical.

Another Louisiana Legionnaire sent a letter of inquiry. He wanted to know if the Legion planned to bring quartets to the National Convention on the numerous special trains that departments plan to charter. It occurred to him that if the Legion is such a musical outfit, something ought to be done especially for the entertainment of the musically inclined. We don't know how New Orleans plans to use our songbirds, but we did recognize a good-sized notion in the idea that special trains might carry an extra cargo of good voices. The trip down would be shorter by a good many miles, from Duluth, for instance, if it could be sported away to a few vocal tunes as well as the splendid band music the National Legion band will play.

Moreover, on the trip down these musical travelers will have a chance to practice up on the convention songs their departments are going to sing. And those songs will be more plentiful this year than ever before. In fact, considerable in the way of extemporaneous competition is anticipated when Nebraska, Minnesota and Iowa come together. They are all stalling for new songs. Of course, Iowa will still have its famous 1921 tune about the tall corn, but the two neighboring states are scouring the bushes for competitive material and promise that they will show up with enough harmony to offset Ioway's start.

However, these ideas are all more or less for the convention-going Legionnaires and we realize that a few thousand, anyway, will have to stay at home and keep the wheels turning. Wherefore, we call attention to the fact that they don't have to cut music off their meeting programs just out of sorrow because they're not at New Orleans

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I have helped 50,000 men to success. This Million-Dollar trade school is the greatest success factory you ever saw. The way to learn is easy. You don't need any experience. I teach with tools not books. You learn your trade by actually doing the work.

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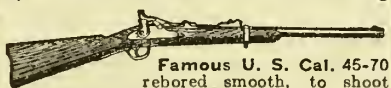
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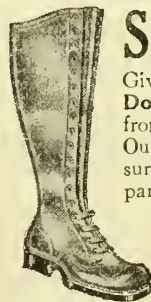


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The First Day of School

THE schools of America generally will reopen either next week or the week after. That's bad news for many an active, out-of-doorsey boy and girl. But perhaps they will feel better about it when their teachers tell them about The American Legion National Essay Contest. "How The American Legion Can Best Serve the Nation"—that's the subject. They have until October 6th to get their essays before county superintendents of schools. And see what they may win!

NATIONAL PRIZES: First, \$750; Second, \$500; Third, \$250.
[To be used for scholarships in colleges indicated by the winners]

STATE PRIZES: First prize in each State will be a silver medal. Second a bronze medal. Other prizes will be awarded in the different States.

Rules:

All girls and boys between the ages of 12 and 18 years, inclusive, are eligible to enter this contest.

Only one essay to a person.

Essay will not be over 500 words in length.

Essay to be constructive and affirmative rather than negative.

Only one side of paper to be used.

A margin of one inch must be allowed on either side of paper.

After essay is completed paper should be neatly folded, not rolled.

Spelling, penmanship and neatness will be considered in judging the winner.

Age will also be given full consideration.

Date:

All essays must be in the hands of County Superintendents of Schools through the agency of The American Legion posts not later than midnight of October 6th, 1922.

County Judges:

The county superintendent of schools is asked to select three judges whose duty it will be to choose the best essay for their county. The Americanism officer of the county shall co-operate in every way with the superintendent of schools and the judges of the contest. The winning essay of that county should be forwarded to the Department Americanism Chairman of The American Legion not later than midnight of October 20th, 1922.

warded to the Department Americanism Chairman of The American Legion not later than midnight of October 20th, 1922.

Department Judges:

The state superintendent or school commissioner of the state schools will be asked to select three judges for his State. The duties of the state judges will be to select the three best essays from the winners of the counties of the State. These essays shall be forwarded to the National Americanism Director of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana, not later than midnight of October 31st, 1922. These essays shall be enumerated first, second and third.

The national winners will be announced a few weeks after September 20th.

Pledge:

At the end of each essay the following pledge must be signed:

"I hereby pledge my word of honor that I have written this essay myself. I am ——— years old."

.....
(Signed) Name of contestant
.....
Street Address
.....
Town
.....
Date

A Legion Clubhouse

(Continued from page 9)

bling it to face on more than one street.

However, this site may be equally hard to find or expensive to obtain. So the final choice comes down to an inside lot. There is no reason why a building on such a site should not be just as attractive and useful as elsewhere. The principal disadvantage of an inside location—lack of ventilation—can be overcome by the installation of blower fans.

The size, decoration, construction and layout of such a building naturally depends upon the financial standing of the individual post. The less money to be used for the purpose the

more simple the building will be.

Once the selection of the property is made, the employment of an architect is essential. Another common mistake can be avoided by leaving the arrangement and planning of the building to him. Of course he must be a high-class man in whom you have absolute confidence. Once you have found him don't try to plan the building for him.

The architect is retained to plan the building. By advising him as to the amount of money that may be spent on the building and of the uses you wish to make of it and what you will need inside it you give him sufficient information. Otherwise the planning

should be entrusted exclusively to him.

In the construction of any building a great number of technical matters must be considered of which he alone has a real knowledge. Plumbing, stairways, sequence of rooms, and other elements enter into the construction of every building and affect the plans.

In addition to being your adviser the architect is in fact your agent. You can leave most of the detail work to him; he will write specifications, describing in detail all material going into the building and will supervise the construction of the clubhouse until it is ready for your occupancy.

An important feature of the acquisition of a good architect is that he understands contractors and is about the only man who does. Your interest is his interest and he will save money for you wherever it is possible to do so.

The type of building most suited to your needs is the next thing to consider. We offer the suggestion that wherever it is practicable the clubhouse should be symbolic of the old Greek and Roman temples. These have the column or peristyle treatment, with heavy masonry piers, buttresses or pylons.

The names of the battles in which your post was engaged can be inscribed on these, and the building may be so designed as to permit the various sculptured figures to be placed along the frieze of the cornice at the roof or on the chief pieces of the steps at the main entrance doorway.

Because of the fact that in this type of building limestone or granite must be used it is more than possible it will not be practicable for your post. In that case we would recommend that the clubhouse be in the colonial period. This permits the use of brick, stucco, or wood. The advisability of using various materials differs with the region of the country. In the East brick, stone or wood may be used; in the South, stone, marble or wood; in the West, wood, stucco or brick; in the North, wood, brick or stone.

The proper arrangement of a new clubhouse should provide for meeting rooms, a large auditorium for public occasions and concerts, billiard rooms, card and game rooms, bowling alleys, gymnasium, swimming pool, showers, library, reading rooms, lounge and writing rooms, trophy and flag rooms and lecture and science rooms.

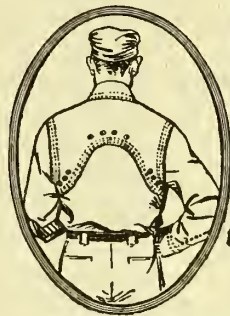
A great deal can be done with workshops if they are installed. This would permit a regular class of vocational training for the men and aid them materially in their business, profession or trade.

The necessity of a fireproof building speaks for itself. Especial care should be taken in and about the auditorium to protect large crowds from the perils of a sudden blaze. Toilet facilities should be of the first order as the cleanliness and appearance of the clubhouse depend to a large degree on these. Heating and lighting are matters for the personal judgment of the post.

Just one word more. The remodeling of old buildings is a bad and dangerous practice. It would be difficult to obtain a clubhouse of this kind that would be fireproof and structurally sound, and the fear of a tragedy would be always present. And, furthermore, the cost of altering old buildings is usually prohibitive, and far in excess of what a new building, clean, safe and large enough for your uses, would cost.

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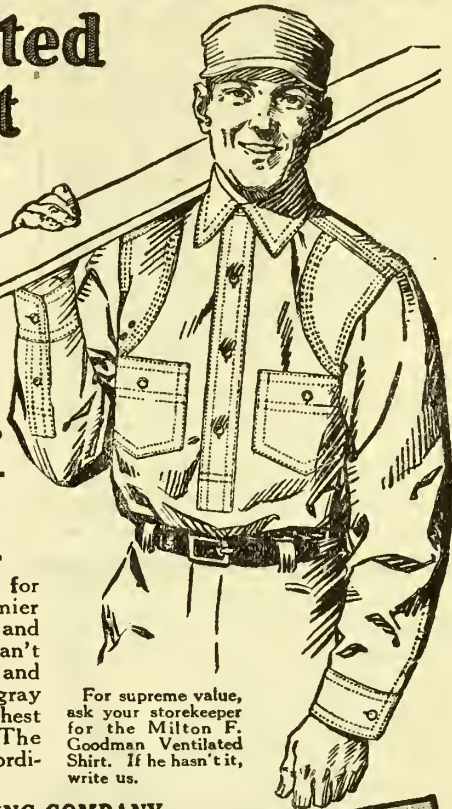
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The Jerry Who Spoiled the War

(Continued from page 8)

decoded and translated in the Glass House at Chaumont as follows:

"9.20 a. m.—XX to RM: Your last message not understood. Repeat in old code."

The message quoted above was in the old code, which the Allies understood. A thrill of excitement passed through the Glass House outfit. If they could get hold of the messages in both the new and old code they had at hand the wedge with which they might pry open the book of secrets of all that the enemy was doing and planning. For two days the code experts had been puzzling over sheets of paper filled with the figures which they knew to be the new code.

The Germans were talking industriously and interminably those days. The sum of their unintelligible conversations, as represented by stacked sheets of paper, was enormous. The Signal Corps operators on our front were taking down every scrap and forwarding it to G. H. Q. A search through the messages for the day of March 13th finally revealed two from RM to XX of exactly the same length. One of these was dated at 9 a. m., and was undecipherable. It was in the new code. The other was dated at 9.40 a. m. and was in the old code. The fact that both were of the same length led to the natural conclusion that the later one had been sent in reply to the request of XX at 9.20 a. m. and therefore was the repetition, in old code, of what had been sent at 9.00 a. m. in the new.

Here, then, was the rosetta stone. Captain Hugo A. Berthold, Coast Artillery, a New York lawyer in civil life, was assigned to the job. He was assisted by other officers in his group. He set to work in the methodical way employed by code experts, checking off each figure and group in the new code against those in the old. The new code was a number code, whereas the old one had been a letter code. Spread before him he had the three charts of the old code employed in coding and decoding.

First came the code table, laid off in squares and numbered across the top from 0 to 9. Along the left-hand side the figures ran down from 00 at the top square to 99 at the bottom. The squares themselves were filled with letters, groups of letters, Arabic figures, single words and phrases. The words and phrases were those most commonly used in military correspondence, codified to simplify and facilitate wire communication. (They were in German, of course, but in the sample tables accompanying this article English had been employed.) By this method much time could be saved. If the operator desired to send the word "rations" he need only wire the figures "08-4." To indicate the letter or word desired one sent first the double figure "08-4." Then the single figure at the top, indicating the perpendicular column in which the letter, word or figure appeared. Thus 01-4 in table A would indicate the letter "J," while 05-9 would indicate the figure "9."

So far the method appears and sounds rather simple. But it was not. Besides the code table, the army ex-

perts worked with two others known as the enciphering and the deciphering tables. The enciphering table, as employed in the German system, was laid out in squares and numbered at top and side in the same manner as the code sheet itself, but the squares were filled with figures placed therein arbitrarily, without regard for numerical sequence. Having first written out the message in code the Germans would next proceed to encipher it by substituting for the first two figures in each three figure group other figures taken from the enciphering table (B), as follows: Find the first figure in vertical column at left; then follow the horizontal line to its intersection with the column having the second figure at the top. The figures to be used would be found in the square at the point of intersection, thus:

08-4 equals "rations" in Table A.

According to Table B, 08 equals 29.

Therefore, the figures 29-4 would be sent by the operator instead of the figures 08-4 to indicate the word "rations."

With the third table (C), or deciphering sheet, the process was reversed in order to arrive at the solution. For example, having received the figures 29-4 as part of a message, the American code expert referred to Table C (deciphering) which showed that 29, the first two figures of this group, equalled 08. Substituting 08 for 29 in the group 29-4, he got 08-4, which according to Table A equalled the word "rations."

The troubles of the American and other Allied code experts were not by any means ended, however, when they had possessed themselves of the code itself and the enciphering and deciphering tables. The code table remained constant over considerable periods of time, but the enciphering and deciphering tables were changed each day in the German armies, and usually the various divisions making up the armies employed different tables. It was this constant change that kept the code sharks busy twenty-four hours a day solving the puzzles of German communications.

But the chess experts, Orientalists, amateur archeologists and other hobby riders in the Code and Cipher Section at American Headquarters never had a problem of this sort put up to them that they did not solve. They were given invaluable aid each day during the spring offensive by Lieutenant Jeager, the busy signal officer of the German Fifth Army. Every time he signed his name to a message, and he signed many times a day, he gave away forty groups in the cipher for that day.

After some experience with ciphers it is said that experts work with a certain degree of intuition. Thus it was with Captain Berthold. While he pursued the logical method of comparison and checking, his sixth sense also was working. Before long light began to dawn. One group in the new code was a duplicate of one in the old. He found that some of his trial solutions made sense. As soon as he had deciphered a few of the new groups of figures a message with his solutions

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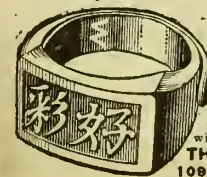
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was forwarded by wire to the Intelligence Bureau of the French Army. There Captain Painvin, a veritable wonder-worker with cipher codes, set to work on the puzzle. Captain Painvin had a background of four years' acquaintance with German code systems.

With the same report of progress in his hand Major Moorman, chief of the section, left the building and proceeded across the parade ground facing General Pershing's office to the small building at the right of the entrance gate. Above this building flew the Union Jack. It housed the British military mission at American G.H.Q.

"I have here a partly deciphered message in the new German code," Major Moorman told the chief of the British Mission.

"Right-o!" cried the Englishman. "Lieutenant Smith is leaving for our G.H.Q. by airplane at once. I shall send it along."

The young British officer whirled away from the barracks in a motor, bound for the flying field. Within thirty minutes the whirr of his engines was heard as he headed north and west on his air journey to where Field Marshal Haig had his headquarters. Within an hour from the time Major Moorman left the Glass House the British code experts were at work on the duplicate message, with Captain Berthold's partial solution to guide them.

Work on the cipher continued all that day and night at the three headquarters. New messages from the front where German communications were being taken off the tapped wires continued to come in. These helped in the solution, for many of them contained a figure or group found to be identical with similar ones in the old code. As solutions were arrived at by British, French or American experts results were wired immediately to the others.

By early morning of the 14th Captain Painvin had succeeded in unraveling all the mysteries of the new code. It was found to be simpler than the old one. Instead of containing three thousand characters, as the old one had, it contained only one thousand. Copies of the new code, practically complete, were sent at once from French Headquarters to both the Americans and the British, and from the three General Headquarters other copies of the solved code were distributed by wire up and down the lines to army, corps and division headquarters.

On the morning of March 14th every Allied outfit on the Western Front was in possession of the secret of the German code. That was a week in advance of the great drive. Throughout that week the Allies read every radio order passing up and down the German front and thus were in possession of advance information concerning many of the moves the enemy was making in the disposition of troops for the coming attack. How much that meant in the way of meeting and checking Germany's final bid for victory cannot be ignored.

What followed demonstrated that the Germans never found out, or at least not until the damage was done, that their new trench code had been deciphered. Ordinarily they changed their code every four weeks. The code

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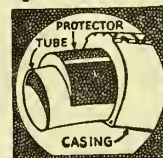
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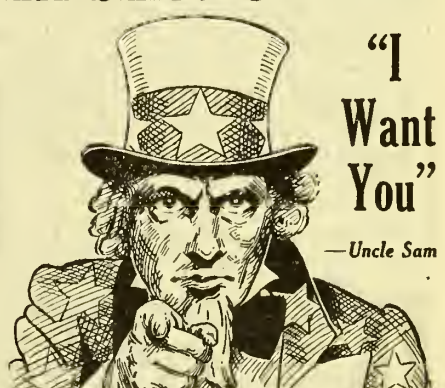
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of March 11th was continued in use for several months, until the tide of victory had turned and the army which had set out March 21st certain of an early victory had been checked and turned back on the great retreat which ended in the Armistice.

If a lazy and careless soldier in the German ranks had not requested a repetition of the new code message on March 13th there might be quite another world today. Speculation is vain, but at least it is interesting.

But when that text-book writer of the future recites the shortcomings of the German soldier who disobeyed an order and thereby gave his army away, he should follow up with the story of the Yankee doughboys who got the German messages that day. How good they were at the jobs to which they were assigned is demonstrated by the following letter of congratulation which was sent from G.H.Q. to Brigadier General Edgar Russell, Chief Signal Officer, A.E.F.:

On March 11, 1918, an entirely new code was placed in service by the Germans. This was considered of great importance as indicating that the long-expected German attack would soon take place. All available men were assigned for its solution. On March 13th a message in an old solved code was intercepted by the Signal Corps. It was from a station which had received a message in the new code. It reported

that the addressee was unable to read the message and asked that it be repeated in the old code. From the call letters given in this message it was possible to find both the original message in the new code and the repetition in the old code.

Comparison of the two gave a number of solutions which were at once communicated to British and French code men. With this as a start rapid solution was assured, so that before the Germans themselves were really familiar with the new code it was being read by the Allies. The importance of this solution can hardly be over-estimated. Failure to get all three of these messages correctly would have indefinitely delayed such solution. When it is considered that the messages copied appear to the Signal Corps operator simply as a series of letters without meaning; that these are the hardest kind of messages to copy, that in order to be sure of getting the valuable message it has been necessary to copy several hundred useless ones per day over long periods of time, and that copying is done under difficult conditions and through interference that confuses all but the best operators, it is possible to appreciate the fine work which has been done.

In this one case a few minutes' inattention, a single mistake in call letters or the missing of a few groups in one of the messages would have made the others useless. The American operators are the only ones who copied all three messages with sufficient accuracy to be useful.

What Europe's Veterans Are Thinking*(Continued from page 6)*

the enemies, have not the power to raise large armies. Conscription as it was applied before the war has been debarred. A return to military service is almost completely ruled out of the minds of the discharged Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians. The prospect of war is a disturbing idea, if sometimes a fatally attractive one for the individual. Despite the knowledge of the hell war is, there are many who cannot resist its temptation. But the wills of these have been set at rest in Germany, Austria and Hungary, as the will of the drunkard in America has been set at rest by the prohibition of alcoholic drink. And the fear which is in others has been quieted.

Thus in thinking of the bosom of Europe one need not see it all implanted with bayonets. But instead you can see the Hungarian peasants, those not dispossessed of their lands, living as they have always lived on the rich Hungarian plain, forgetful that there ever was a war, and in the summer evening after a day of happy toil—for they love work, these Hunkies—playing under the old trees upon the violin or the reed and dancing as of old with their women in bright cottons, in the happy simplicity of rural life.

On the other hand, the dispossessed Hungarians smart for revenge. Thousands have been turned out of their traditional properties and old farms by the Roumanians and have fled, landless, to the cities. Many would like to return to the army to fight—and some have indeed found their way into that army of "fox terriers" in whom the officer expressed such confidence. These have become royalist and national partisans. They do not care for Europe—but only for themselves and their own

country. They are Balkanized in character and a natural source of danger.

Curiously enough, whilst the "Balkans," as we apprehensively call south-eastern Europe, have extended northward over old Austria, the actual Balkans have become pacified. Bulgaria, the fourth power in the alliance of our enemies, has gone quiet as a result of the war. Her soldiers have had enough of it, her government is peasant-communist, and for the time being the old intrigues have ceased. Her ex-soldiers, named and wanted by the Serbs for all manner of crimes, are content to lay low and keep out of the way of publicity. Vanity is a large constituent of the national character, and its counterpart of mortification has been as great. The Bulgarian ex-soldier is supremely of opinion that wars do not pay, especially wars where you must share the common fate of allies if they lose and perhaps not share in the booty if they win. Having lost in this war, the Bulgar has almost ceased to be a European. The Serb calls himself a "central European," but the Bulgar has fallen toward Turkey and is more of an Asiatic both in temperament and outlook.

The same may be said about the Russian; he has become Asiatic. He has lost European self-consciousness. The Russian exile remains European, but he is less Russian than he was, whereas the Bolshevik, striving originally to make Russia Western, has succeeded merely in Mongolianizing her. "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar" is a true saying, and the Russians have been much scratched during these last eight years. They went forth to war as Europeans; they came back from defeat at the hands of the

Germans as hordes. They returned to war in 1915 and 1916 with "savage divisions" and Kalmouks and Kirghiz and what not, but with Asiatic discipline. In the early days of the Revolution they were hopelessly out of control, a great mass of Christianized heathen. I speak, of course, of the rank and file. The officers generally remained true to their training and to Europe.

To the men Europe was nothing and they abandoned her. They abandoned her in their hearts. In 1914 they had wanted to beat the Germans in three months. In 1915 the war was "bitter duty"; the wounded did not want to go back to the front. The desire to return to the fields was strong. In 1916 the campaign slackened in intensity and the Russians grew wilder. In 1917 the soldiers were caught up by a new excitement, the Revolution, which they in no way understood, except that it meant "Svoboda"—Freedom. Since then till now they have been fighting civil wars. Svoboda has made terrible progress in Russia.

One ought perhaps to remember that the Russian mind is liquid. It flows back and forth between good and evil without finding a dividing line. "All is permitted" has for long been a favorite saying, and underneath the military discipline of army life and the civil discipline of Tsaristic rule there was always a complete absence of moral discipline. The natural orderliness, thrift, moderation in action, and shame in wrong-doing were remarkably deficient. The Russian had redeeming virtues to counterbalance his defects, but the social danger remained. And underneath the Russians' tenderness and generosity lurked a curious contradictory strain of cruelty and meanness. That was the Tartar. The gentle, gifted, tolerant, humanitarian Slav has been displaced, and followers of Tamerlane have crept out of Russian earth and leapt to the saddle. It cannot, therefore, be said that the Russian soldier and the ex-soldier in Russia has any part in the mind of Europe. He inherits nothing from the sacrifice of Tannenberg or from the Carpathian rout of the Grand Duke Nicholas, nor from all his immense and bloody defeats—except the Revolution and starvation.

One thing is specially remarkable in our post-war Europe; it is that the ex-officers of any of the Allies can meet the ex-officers of any of the ex-enemy states on a footing of fellowship and friendship. All is forgiven or excused. It was very different in the time of the war. Then the officers were much more bitter than the men. Men might fraternize; officers never. Even in prisoners' camps the officers held themselves much more aloof. The officers of the old Russian army (there are perhaps ten thousand of them in Europe) are the most at home in all countries, except, of course, that they are almost all poverty-stricken and know not where to turn to earn a living. English and Germans meet most happily after all. The German commercial traveler, once a stiff-necked lieutenant, comes with his samples to the Belgian village where he was once commandant, where the children used to mimic him as he walked. But now he has stepped down from his rank and has the familiar engaging commercial smile, and the Belgians bear

\$1000.00 OR BUICK FREE



HOW MANY OBJECTS IN THIS PICTURE START WITH LETTER **"S"**

Try This Puzzle: Three \$1,000 Prizes

How's your eyesight? Can you find more than a dozen objects in the puzzle picture starting with "S," like stool, sun, stove, etc? Get a pencil and paper and see how big a list you can make up. Send it in —YOU MAY WIN \$1,000 CASH OR 1923 BUICK.

How to Win \$1,000.00

There will be three \$1,000 prizes. If your list of words is awarded first, second or third prize, and you have "qualified" under Class "A" by ordering two Silver or one Gold Pencil for \$5 (introductory price) you will win \$1,000; if you order only one Silver Pencil for \$3 you would win \$300; if no pencils have been ordered you would win \$25.

These people each won \$1,000: Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Col.; Mrs. Hiram Elliott, Lakemont, N. Y.; Walter Rice, Tenstrike, Minn.; Mrs. O. R. Steele, Kimball, Neb.;

RULES

- Whoever sends in the largest number of words which correctly name the objects shown in the picture starting with "S" will be awarded first prize, and so on down the list of 50 free prizes. One point will be allowed for each correct word, and one point deducted for each incorrect word or omission of a correct word.
- In case of ties for any prize offered, the full amount of each prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. The list winning the first prize will be published at the close of the contest. Enlarged copy of picture will be furnished on request.
- Use only words found in Webster's International Dictionary. Your solution must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound (words made up of two complete English words) or foreign words.
- It is permissible to name either singular or plural, but both cannot be used. Synonyms and words of same spelling but different meaning will count only one, but any part of an object can be named.
- All solutions mailed and postmarked September 30, 1922, will be accepted. Contestants may "qualify" up to midnight, October 14, 1922.
- Write words on one side of paper only, numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
- Three prominent people of Minneapolis will act as judges. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.
- Anyone living outside of Minneapolis may compete for the free Prizes except employees or their relatives of the Henber Company.

Memo Book Special Prize!

Each day during this advertising campaign a souvenir prize—a handy little memo book—will be awarded to the 5 persons sending in the 5 best "S"-word lists.

\$4,000 IN PRIZES

Prizes	Class "A"	Class "B"	Class "C"
1st	\$1,000.00	\$300.00	\$25.00
2nd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
3rd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
4th	300.00	100.00	10.00
5th	100.00	30.00	5.00
6th to 10th	25.00	15.00	4.00
11th to 15th	10.00	7.50	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	5.00	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	3.00	1.00

Class "A"—Prize if you order \$5 pencil
Class "B"—Prize if you order \$3 pencil
Class "C"—Prize if you buy no pencil
Prize Gifts on Deposit at Republic State Bank, Minneapolis

Advertising Campaign for Henber Pencils
We want every man, woman and child to become acquainted with the Henber Silver and Gold Pencils, the most useful of all writing appliances. You will like the Henber Pencil, it is fully guaranteed. Henber Pencils make most suitable gifts for every occasion.

Lady's and Gent's Style
The illustration above shows our Sterling Silver style of pencils (regular \$3.50 now \$3 or two for \$5, Lady's or Gent's). The \$5 gold (Lady's or Gent's) comes in Colonial Hexagon shape. The barrel is beautifully chased engraved. The Henber has many distinctive features: repelling lead device; safety clasp; non-clogging mechanism; lightness of pencil, etc.

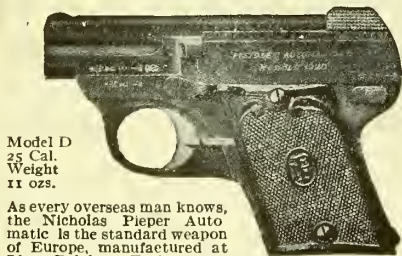
You'll Never Win Unless You Try!

If you don't try, you don't win. There's \$4,000 in prizes—50 IN ALL. Think how wonderful it would be to win \$1,000 in a few weeks—to spend for fine clothes, traveling or just as your heart desired. Don't delay sending in your list of "S"-words—do it right away. You will never be sorry; this is your opportunity—ACT!

The Henber Co., Dept. 30, Minneapolis, Minn.

NICHOLAS PIEPER AUTOMATIC

Reduced to \$9.95



Model D
25 Cal.
Weight
11 ozs.

As every overseas man knows, the Nicholas Pieper Automatic is the standard weapon of Europe, manufactured at Liege, Belgium. Each weapon is officially tested, approved and so stamped by the Belgian Government.

This Automatic is light, handy, absolutely reliable and can be taken apart instantly—without tools. Being flat makes excellent pocket weapon. Fitted with positive safety catch. Will take Standard American Automatic cartridges.

\$9.95 C.O.D.

SEND NO MONEY

We ship by return mail. Pay Postman on arrival.
We guarantee full satisfaction or money back.

J. ARTHUR DEAKIN

Sole Distributor for the United States.

150 Nassau St., Dept. L. 2. New York City

MEMORIAL TABLETS

IN BRONZE

Write today for Free Book L

FLOUR CITY ORNAMENTAL IRON CO.

27th Av. S.

Minneapolis, Minn.

ARMISTICE—WORLD'S GREATEST DAY

POSTS AND VETERANS MAKE MONEY

Sell window cards and badges with patented design giving hour, day, month, year, Signing of Armistice. One agency last year sold 9,992 badges in 21-2 hours. Sell cards NOW and badges Nov. 11 to everybody. (75 per cent. last year's agents will sell this year.) Samples, details, prices, 15c (stamp).

All-year round seller—"Whenever Buddies Meet," march for piano. Just out. Sample, details, prices, 25c. At dance, circus, fair, show, parade, convention, sell "RN" novelties—they have made many an event a success. Prizes to 3 best agencies. Unsold goods returnable. I sell ONLY articles of my own invention and composition.

ARMIN "RN"

Evanston, P. O., Cincinnati (Member Am. Lgn.)

5 Master Keys

Only keys of their kind in existence. Open and test thousands of different locks. Tell you instantly if your door or padlocks are burglar proof. Serve in emergencies. 100. Thousands of sets in daily use. Novel key chain FREE. Send \$1 today. Agents Wanted. Mention if interested when ordering.

MASTER KEY CO.

10 Manhattan Block, Milwaukee, Wis.



STUNTS

for meetings, parties, clubs, luncheons and dinners.

A Book of 100 Live IDEAS

Every stunt tested, proven. Guaranteed laugh producers.

Endorsed by many organizations. Every Entertainment Committee needs this. Send \$1.00 for this book postpaid.

National STUNT Exchange 20 E. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS-\$5 to \$15 DAILY



EASY—Introducing NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY—Must wear or replaced free. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—WE DELIVER AND COLLECT. No capital or experience needed. Outfits furnished. All colors and grades including finest silks.

MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO., Desk 380 Cincinnati, O.



Automobile decorations, Post banners, grave markers, membership buttons, seal presses, window transfers, athletic emblems and a score of other useful and attractive items incorporating the Legion emblem are to be had from the Emblem Division.

WRITE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE

Emblem Division, National Headquarters
The American Legion, Indianapolis...

no malice. Even French and Germans, ex-officers, meeting in civil attire, are now cheerful and amused enemies, not bitter and surly ones. There is a sort of secret, mutually understood, that the peace after the war is all a great game—where, nevertheless, the forfeits will be rigorously exacted.

And there lies an indication of better health. Much blood has been let, and after all the bodies of European men are cooler. The temperature is not so high, the pulse is quieter. If you sit in a European café and read the newspapers of Europe you think Europe is a madhouse. But the people moving about in the café do not behave in the gestures of printers' ink. And the general mind of Europe is nearer unity and happiness than the noise of the babel of parliament houses and newspaper offices. When two men have stood up to one another and taken a shot and a chance of death it is more easy for them to shake hands afterward. The factions on the one side and on the other may continue the quarrel very noisily and even start other duels, but the two who have fought have found a common ground in the vision of death they faced at one another's hands.

There in essence lies the ex-soldier's mind. But it is not the ex-soldier at present who is ruling Europe.

Tobacco with a Struggle

(Continued from page 4)

Fresh supplies can be found in every little store from St. Nazaire to Bacaret. The effort to teach the English this pleasing custom has proved fruitless, and only just the other day one big American company began to withdraw ingloriously from the set jaws of the British public, pocketing a loss of four million dollars but getting out while the going was good. But, whatever else the A. E. F. accomplished, it taught France to chew gum.

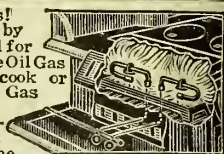
The crap shooting habit, however, never quite took hold. There are Frenchmen in the Haute-Savoie and around Tours who know enough not to cheer when one comes out with snakes' eyes or box cars, but for the most part the populace has relapsed into some absurd dice game of their own. Indeed, the old ideals of this splendid sport are now upheld in France only by the little colony of American correspondents. They are still willing to risk a week's pay any day—any one day in a week, that is—on the capricious fall of the bones. When the Genoa conference was breaking up and all the scribes were waiting for a last word with Lloyd George, that care-laden dignitary came down at last only to find the whole deputation shooting craps in the castle garden—an excited circle shouting, "Columbus, we are here," and other such heathenish incantations. But then, it was at the newspaper headquarters in Neufchâteau in 1917 that the Prince of Wales learned to play craps—that gallant prince who, within five minutes after his first instructions, was lying on his royal stomach on a dirty French floor and whispering coaxingly to a pair of bones, "If you love the King of England, come seven."

\$75 A WEEK FOR OUR FACTORY AGENTS

Agents!

Profit by

the enormous demand for the 1922 Model Uni-Hete Oil Gas Burner. Turns any cook or heating stove into a Gas Stove. Sets in fire box—installed in few minutes. Generates gas from common kerosene. Perfect valve control. Baking heat in a jiffy. Saves its cost quickly. Made and guaranteed by factory making heating devices for 32 years. **Free Trial.** Special Agency Offer. Big Money. **ACORN BRASS MFG. CO., A 24 Acorn Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**



Smash Goes High Cost of Binders

We have knocked the high cost of binders for a row of Cannibal-island cutglass factories.

These neat binders can now be sold for \$1.50 and \$1.25.

For being a handy article, they have the ex-company artificer's monkeywrench looking like a decoration for the puppet wainscoting.

You can store away your magazines each week and keep them for the riper years, and when you're old and gray and in the way plunge into the pages of '22 and find there what Ponce de Leon tried to find in Florida.

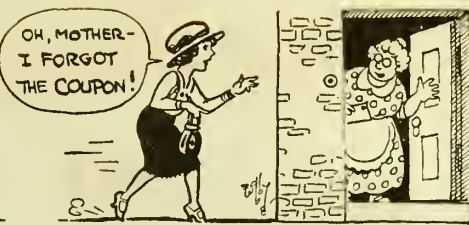
Keep a file of the Weekly—a priceless souvenir for the years beyond.

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly embossed in gilt on cover. Get your ante started today.

FULL BOOK CLOTH (red)
\$1.25 postpaid

FABRIKOID COVERED (black)
\$1.50 postpaid

The American Legion Weekly
627 West 43d Street, New York



Every Buyer a Salesman

In a broad sense, there are two kinds of advertising used in publications—advertising whose intent is to make the sale by mail and advertising whose motive is to send the consumer to a dealer to purchase the advertiser's product.

The manufacturer who uses keyed copy, the mail-order advertiser, knows the exact results down to the last copper from every publication he uses. He places a different key number in each publication, like "Dept. AL," for his advertising in our Weekly, and "Dept. 2," for some other magazine.

A general or publicity advertiser uses no key. He expects his copy to sell just as well as mail-order copy, but he has no exact way, in most cases, of judging the value of individual magazines.

It's a little different with our Weekly. Our reader-owners have long since got the habit of following national advertising—they write to manufacturers and tell them why they should use our Weekly; they write to advertisers just breaking into our columns and congratulate them on their campaign; they patronize the "publicity" advertiser's dealer—and, best of all, they tell the world about it.

From out in Portland, Oregon, comes Buddy Cohen with a mighty good suggestion. Cohen would run a coupon in each issue to be used by the readers who buy a product as a direct result of its being advertised in our columns. He would have Buddy take the coupon to his dealer to be filled in and sent to the Weekly.

It doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to see that the national advertiser who was forever getting coupons like this from us would soon know that his copy was selling his goods—that it wasn't merely bread cast upon the waters.

Every week I'm going to appear in a coupon and Cohen and I ask that you take me and the dots to your dealer whenever you buy an article advertised in our Weekly. You'll notice from the coupon complete plans and specifications.

Introduce me to your dealer—and ask him to help put me into the office of every national advertiser in the country.

Take Me to Your Dealer



Mr. Dealer: I am Buddy in the Barrel. Legionnaires and Auxiliary members make me prove to advertisers who use our Weekly that they are buying products advertised in our columns. The Buddy who brings you this coupon is purchasing the following articles as a direct result of advertisements running in our magazine—

(Please fill my dotted lines and mail me to the Advertising Manager, 627 W. 43d St., New York. Thank you.)

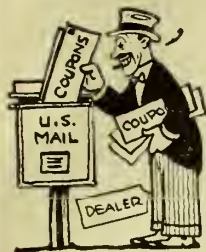
Articles.....

Name of dealer.....

Name of purchaser.....

Address.....

(Mr. Advertiser: Readers of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly use this coupon to prove to advertisers that they are a loyal bunch and live up to the magazine's slogan—"They advertise—let's patronize.")



OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad, in

AUTO ACCESSORIES
VVVElectric Storage Battery Co..... 26
Liberty Top & Tire Co.....

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS
VVAmerican Pub. Co.....

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Acorn Brass Mfg. Co..... 30
Val Friction Carburetor Co.....

VVAmerican Accessories Co.....

VVAmerican Products Co..... 30
Armin "RN".....

Associated Raincoat Co..... 27
VComfield Tire Protector Co.....

Comer Mfg. Co..... Back Cover
Doublewear Shoe Co..... 26

Federal Pure Food Co..... 26
Fyr-Fyter Co..... 26

VVGoodyear Mfg. Co..... 27
VJennings Mfg. Co.....

VVLightning Calculator Co..... 30
Mar-O-Chee Mills..... 28

VMadison Shirt Co..... 30
Master Key Co..... 25

L. Mitchell & Co..... 25
J. B. Simpson, Inc..... 28

Worlds Star Knitting Co.....

ENTERTAINMENT
VJohn B. Rogers Producing Co..... 30
National Stunt Ideas Exchange.....

FIRE ARMS
Republie Trading Co..... 28
J. Arthur Deakin..... 30

FOOD PRODUCTS
VVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co.....

HARDWARE
VVSimmions Hardware Co.....

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES
VVHartman Furniture & Carpet Co.....
Rat Biscuit Co.....

INSURANCE
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co..... 25

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

INVESTMENTS
G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.....

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS
VVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division..... 28 & 30
VVVFlour City Ornamental Iron Co..... 30

VVVC. K. Grouse Co..... 27
VVB. Gutter & Sons.....

VVHarris Gear Co..... 26
VIngersoll Watch Co.....

VVLoftis Brothers & Co..... 27
The Zanzibar Co..... 27

MEDICINAL
VBauer & Black.....

MEN'S WEAR
VVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division..... 25
VVVCluett, Peabody & Co.....

VVKahn Tailoring Co.....
VVNu-Way Streech Suspender Co.....

VVRelliance Mfg. Co..... 25
VWilson Brothers.....

MISCELLANEOUS
Henber Co..... 29
Philadelphia Key Co.....

S. L. Carter Co.....

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
VVVBuescher Band Instrument Co..... 27
VVVC. G. Conn, Ltd..... 26

The Saxophone Shop.....

PATENT ATTORNEYS
VVVVVLaacey & Laacey..... 28

of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION

VVAmerican School..... 26
VVAmerican Technical Society..... 22

VVChicago Engineering Wks..... 24
VVCivil Service Correspondence School..... 24

VVColumbus Institute.....
VVFederal Schools, Inc..... 27

VVFranklin Institute..... 27
VVAlexander Hamilton Institute..... 28

VVIllinois College of Photography.....
VVLla Salle Extension University.....

VVPatterson Civil Service School.....
VVStandard Business Training Institute.....

VVSweeney School of Auto-Tractor Aviation..... 23
VVW. W. Tamblin.....

VVUnited Y. M. C. A. School.....

SMOKERS' NEEDS
VVVAmerican Tobacco Co.....

VVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co.....

SPORTS AND RECREATION
VVHarley-Davidson Motor Co.....

VVHendee Mfg. Co.—Indian Motorcycle..... 23
W. Stokes Kirk.....

VVMead Cycle Co.....
Thos. E. Wilson.....

STATIONERY AND WRITING MATERIAL
VVVEaton, Crane & Pike Co.....

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
VVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co.....

TOILET NECESSITIES
Gillette Safety Razor Co.....

A. S. Hinds & Co.....
VVThe Pepsodent Co.....

J. B. Williams Co.....

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION
VU. S. Shipping Board..... 21

TYPEWRITERS
National Typewriter Co..... 25
VVOliver Typewriter Co.....

VVTypewriter Emporium.....

VARNISHES, PAINTS AND STAINS
VS. C. Johnson & Sons.....

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. VVV THE TWO, VVV THREE AND VVVV FOUR STRIPES ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE VVVVV FIVE STRIPES ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," Issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

The Biggest Opportunity of Your Life

Will You Give Me a Chance to Pay You \$48 a Week?



\$3 An Hour

Carl P. King, of Kentucky, a machinist, says: "Since I received my outfit the time I've spent calling on customers has paid me \$3 an hour profit."



\$625 a Month

Andrew B. Spencer, of Pennsylvania, is an insurance man who represents us in spare time. We paid him \$625 for one month's spare time.



Big Spare Time Profits

Miss Mary McCoy, of Georgia, is a school teacher who uses her spare time as our representative. Her profit for one month was \$232.39.



\$256 for One Month's Spare Time

F. E. Wright, South Carolina railroad man, finds the Comer Agency a great profit maker. \$256.56 for one month's leisure hours' effort.

You can be your own boss. You can work just as many hours a day as you please. You can start when you want to and quit when you want to. You don't need experience and you get your money in cash every day when you earn it.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what Carl Rowe did in a small town in New York State. Rowe was a baker earning \$50 a week. He accepted my offer. He did just what I am trying to get you to do. In his spare time he made as much as \$800 a month. Then he quit his job as a baker and by spending all his time at this new work made from \$900 to \$1,200 a month. You can do every bit as well as he did.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned \$243. Inside of six months he was making between \$800 and \$1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him \$2 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make \$9,000 a year.

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it?

A Clean, High-Grade, Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in all the leading magazines. Think of a single coat that can be worn all year round. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials—for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that money. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We col-

lect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you only send us two average orders a day, which you can get in an hour or so in the evening, you can make \$48 a week and more.

Maybe You Are Worth \$1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of \$40 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger \$20 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer \$625 cash for one month's spare time.

I need 500 men and women, and I need them right away. If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. I will send you a complete outfit. I will send you a beautiful style book and samples of cloth. I will tell you where to go, what to say, and how to succeed. Inside of thirty days you can have hundreds of dollars in cash.

All you need do today is write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, you invest no money, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything, and you will have a chance without waiting—without delay and without investment—to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. Comer, The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-427, Dayton, Ohio

Just Mail This NOW!

The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-427, Dayton, Ohio

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Comer Manufacturing Company is the biggest business of its kind in the world. Every statement is true. Every promise will be fulfilled and anyone writing to them is assured of honest, square treatment.